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The Week

THE series of events which culminated in the assassination of President-elect Obregon of Mexico are still so obscure that it would be hazardous to attempt its interpretation or charge any faction with responsibility for it. But it has had one extremely unfortunate result. It has brought to the surface the underlying antagonism between the agrarian and labor-union factions in the revolutionary party. General Obregon was an agrarian, but he was above all a Mexican nationalist; and if he had lived he could probably have prevented these factional antagonisms from breaking up the revolutionary party and compromising the results of the revolution. His assassination, on the other hand, has already resulted in the resignation of Morones, who is the leader of the labor-union faction, from the Calles government, and it looks as if in the near future the dissension in the revolutionary party might increase rather than subside. Friends of Mexico in this country will devoutly hope that such will not be the case. The continuity of the Mexican Revolution depends chiefly upon the solidarity of the Mexican nationalist party which supports it. If its several factions do not quarrel among themselves, the party will be strong enough to prevent its class and clerical enemies from regaining power, but if the nationalists begin to fight one another, there may result further revolutionary disorder which would destroy the work of social reconstruction of the revolutionary government.

ALL Mexican political activity has been ordered suspended until August 1, when a committee of lawyers will report on the legal dilemma created by the assassination of the President-elect. The Mexican Constitution provides no Vice-President; if the President dies in office, the position goes, in theory, to the Minister of the Interior, but nothing is said about the possible death of a President who has not yet assumed office. The Constitution prohibits two successive terms to one man; but it is thought the Congress could avoid this difficulty in the case of President Calles by selecting him as provisional President, perhaps for two years. Señor Calles is said, however, to be determined to retire, and a possible substitute is Aaron Saenz, at present the governor of the state of Nueva Leon. In the general crisis, it is impossible to overestimate the value of the new attitude of friendliness on the part of the United States, brought about in large measure through the efforts of Ambassador Morrow. Only eighteen months ago, our hostility to the Calles regime was so pronounced that in an emergency like the present, it would virtually have invited revolutionary activity on the part of some disgruntled group—the oil interests, the Catholics, the landlords or perhaps a coalition of all three. Today Washington would frown upon any such activity; and knowledge of that fact is likely to prove a powerful anchor to windward for the government in the present storm.

ALL OF the fourteen nations invited to join in the Kellogg treaty for the outlawry of war have now replied favorably. No new reservations have been made which go beyond those already set forth by France and Great Britain. These, it must be said, have greatly changed and weakened the character

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of the treaty. It is no longer a plan to outlaw all war; it is a plan to outlaw war except when undertaken in self-defense, or under the League Covenant, or in compliance with the Locarno or other treaties, or in defense of "certain regions" (Egypt and India, presumably) deemed by Great Britain to be vital to her own interests. Since no machinery is provided to determine whether any given war is in self-defense, and since any nation can always set up at least a pretext that this was the case, the theoretical position is hardly any better than it was before. The moral consequences of the treaty, however, may be of the greatest importance. If it is ratified by the American Senate—and the chances for this seem to be excellent—it will give the United States a greater stake in the maintenance of international peace than it has ever had before. It will prove a powerful check upon competitive building of armaments—for which reason, presumably, the munitions makers and their friends are already beginning a barrage of propaganda against it. It has some of the advantages of the League of Nations, minus the curse of being tied to the Versailles treaty. And finally, whatever its intrinsic importance, it is a milestone on the path to peace which must be passed before we can go on to more genuine accomplishments.

THE selection of Roy O. West of Chicago to succeed Dr. Hubert Work as Secretary of the Interior must rank among the poorer choices of President Coolidge, who has made so many notoriously bad selections. Mr. West's public career consists of long service as a professional politician in the Deneen gang in Chicago, which is hardly any better than the Thompson crowd, if indeed it is not worse. He was an ally of Frank Smith who, while a state commissioner, accepted hundreds of thousands of dollars of public utility money to help him in his senatorial campaign. In his private life, Mr. West has been a corporation lawyer, who has grown rich serving these same ubiquitous public utilities. To put a man of this type in charge of the Department of the Interior, the branch of the Executive Department whose task it is to be the watchdog of the country's natural resources, would seem like a monstrous joke to a mind of any other type than the President's. It is to be hoped that if Mr. Hoover wins, he will not feel it incumbent upon himself to keep Mr. West in the post. There are plenty of others equally honorable, where a servant of the public utilities can do far less damage. And there are plenty of men better fitted for the job.

THE question of our relations with the government in China is one which cannot be allowed to go by default much longer. The Nationalists now control the entire country except Manchuria, which is in fact, though not in theory, a protectorate of Japan. The Peking government of Chang Tso-lin, to which Minister MacMurray is still technically accredited, no longer exists. During the first century of our national history, immediate recognition of any new government such as now exists would have followed automatically and as a matter of course; it is only in the past twenty years that we have begun to regard recognition as some sort of moral underwriting of a regime, and to make it the basis of a series of supplementary bargains. The Chinese consider that they deserve recognition on a basis of accomplished fact; and they are determined to rid themselves as promptly as possible of the present unequal treaties, and every other infringement of their sovereignty, such as extra-territoriality. Congressman Stephen G. Porter of Pennsylvania has called upon the State Department to undertake steps looking toward the signing of a new treaty, and a spokesman for Secretary Kellogg has indicated that the American government is willing to do this, and to proceed with the negotiations authorized at the Washington Conference. The United States has a great opportunity to cement the friendship of young China by a decisive act of friendship. It would be tragic if it were allowed to slip because of too rigid adherence to routine, or too careful consideration of the wishes of European powers whose Chinese policy has in the past been on quite a different footing from our own.

Drifting to Victory or Defeat

ANY prospect that the presidential campaign will become a source of popular education in the realities of American economic and social life today is rapidly fading away. The two conventions and the two candidates have relaxed and dissipated the attention of the American voters by their lifeless, indifferent, leisurely and evasive way of inviting the popular interest. Their friends will answer, presumably, that they have not as yet begun to campaign. A pause of apparent uncertainty but actual preparation always supervenes between the nominating campaign and the beginning of the active and aggressive attempt to recruit votes. But that defense is only superficially true. It is impossible to arouse in the American people a vivid interest in a national election without a successful effort, not merely to pose the problems of the day and to associate the candidates with some convictions about them, but to focus public attention on some single controversial attitude towards the conduct of the government. The campaign acquires life with the attempt to boil down or to sum up such an attitude, and in this sense it begins with the nomination and never flags. Candidates for President do not campaign by giving to the American people a series of lectures on the problems of the day. If they are to get any energy or impulse into their canvass for votes, they must pull together their proposed dealings with these problems into one dramatic and persuasive war-cry. They cannot

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postpone the advertising of some chief feature of a campaign until the scheduled speaking begins. The condition of the country and the comparative situation of the two candidates usually imply the possibility of a dominant issue. The successful popular leader is the one who can uncover it and whip it into a political slogan for the benefit of his own candidacy.

There is, however, one excuse for the lack of aggressiveness at both campaign headquarters. It is not easy for either Smith or Hoover to pick out a controlling issue or a controversial attitude of mind which promises to arouse any vital interest in a majority of the American people. Sometimes the potential popular impulse is powerful, articulate and clearly distinguishable, as it was in 1904 and 1908, and in 1920 and 1924. Sometimes it is much vaguer and less compulsory. In 1916, for instance, the controlling impulse was doubtful, and Mr. Wilson won as the result of maladroit campaigning by Mr. Hughes, and by taking advantage of a popular wish to keep out of the War, which as President he felt subsequently obliged to ignore. An analogous condition prevails today. It is doubtful what the American people are thinking, or whether any single wave of popular wish fulfillment is rising which a presidential candidate can distinguish, call into consciousness and mobilize into votes. In 1920 a reaction against the artificial violence of their behavior during the War possessed their minds. In voting for Harding they were voting blindly and impotently in disapproval of the abnormalities and the physical and moral costs of the War. In 1924 they were restless, but they were afraid of the possible consequences of their own restlessness. The Republican campaign worked upon their fears. It overwhelmed Davis by exploiting the popular anticipation that a large vote for La Follette would mean bad times. The memory of the majority which Coolidge piled up by these tactics explains in part the hesitations and infirmities of the present campaign. It is the business of the Republicans to keep this manufactured majority together, and of the Democrats, if possible, to break it up. But they are both doubtful how they ought to go about their jobs.

The Republican chairman has mumbled some words about protection, prosperity and the American wage-standard, but, inasmuch as the Democrats are themselves more than ever protectionist, he cannot expect to attract or keep customers by the display of such shop-worn goods. Al Smith and his Chairman early demonstrated in favor of anti-prohibition. They gave some people an excuse for inferring that the Democratic candidate would try to focus public attention on that issue, but there is insufficient indication as yet that he will. In our opinion he has neither the intention nor the power to convert the campaign into a prohibition referendum. He was nominated, not in order to split the Democratic party on the sharp edge of some proposal to modify the Volstead Act, but to capitalize for the benefit of the party his own previous success in winning the confidence of American voters. He can ignore this condition, but only at the expense of consequences disastrous to his party and to himself. If he soft-pedals on prohibition, however, he does not know where to look for a substitute as the campaign head-liner. He has refused to commit himself in favor of any particular remedy for agricultural discontent; he does not apparently intend to imitate the example of Mr. Claude Bowers and expatiate on the evidences of Republican corruption; finally, he will not try to associate Republican corruption in the popular mind with economic privilege and the subordination of government to the interests of private business. If he had any such intention, Al Smith would hardly have appointed as his campaign manager one of the whales of big business, who, in his introductory statement, spouted showers of good Republican doctrine.

Among these various decisions by Al Smith not to star any particular issue, the most doubtful is his refusal to try to work up economic discontent into a wave of popular feeling. What with the millions of aggrieved farmers in the West, and his own natural following among the poorly employed people in the Eastern cities, he could have presented himself to the American people as the leader of a new Democracy which will show less solicitude for the welfare of millionaires and more for that of the farmer and the wage-earner. But either he did not discern this opportunity or he has rejected it as impossible or dangerous. Presumably he does not dare to issue the kind of challenge to the Republican system which Bryan and Wilson, both in a different way, had formerly issued. The success of the Republicans four years ago in exploiting the popular apprehensions which La Follette's attacks on money power had excited has determined the decision. He will not commit himself to any agitation which can be stigmatized as anti-business. He is afraid that such an agitation, instead of focusing popular feeling in his favor, would give the Republicans an opportunity of repeating their great success of 1924.

His refusal has one tactical justification. By declining to attack the Republican system as such, he has embarrassed the Republicans in attacking him. They would have liked to have some excuse for classifying him with La Follette and to have repeated their tactics of four years ago. Their political stock-in-trade consists in scare agitations, and if they are deprived of the opportunity it will be as difficult for them as it is for Al Smith to focus attention on any issue of the campaign. It should be immediately added, however, that they, much better than he, can get along without it. Hoover will lose less by the consequent dissipation of popular attention than Al Smith. His party is intrenched in power. It represents to the American

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public a stubbornly protective attitude toward the existing plutocracy, its ways and privileges. If the voters go to the polls next November in a floating and unfocused state of mind, they are much more likely to congeal into a majority for Hoover than into a majority for Smith. The Republican candidate is in a position to reap the advantage from popular inertia, indifference and confusion. The habits of the American people as a body politic already predispose them toward Republicanism rather than to Democracy, and a presidential candidate who seeks to manufacture Democrats has to stir them up and pound them into new dispositions and formations.

If the New Republic should declare that Al Smith, by refusing to capitalize the existing economic discontent in the hope of defeating the Republican candidate, had thrown away an opportunity of electing himself, we would obviously be merely prophesying in favor of our own preferences and convictions. It is questionable how deep or widespread that discontent is and how far he can manufacture it into votes. It is possible that the Republicans would have repeated the success of 1924 by reviving the tactics of that year. If a political leader assumes the risk of challenging the power of a class as powerful and as well intrenched as the American business man's government, he does so at great risk and cost and as the result of some ardent conviction about the welfare of the ordinary people and of his country as a whole. But one assertion we feel justified in making. The great leaders of the American Democracy in the past, Jefferson, Jackson, Bryan and Wilson, would in the existing circumstances all have been moved by their convictions really to throw down the gauntlet to the Republican system. They would have realized that in the long run the Democratic party can survive only by standing for a real and not a fake opposition to Republicanism. On the other hand, it is becoming equally clear that Al Smith is as devoid of this kind of conviction as an ordinary Democratic Senator from the South. Under his leadership the party will, we fear, remain either an accomplice of Republicanism or its wholly ineffective opponent. He is not engaged in carrying on a war against the Republicans, as the representatives of a plutocratic government which must be checked and modified in the interest of American popular welfare. He is sparring for points against another candidate for the heavy-weight championship, and he is looking at best for a narrow decision in his favor by a sympathetic judge.

If Al Smith has abandoned the attempt to focus public attention on a dominant issue, there remains only one way in which he can possibly win the decision. He must try to exploit his personality. He must seek to arouse popular interest and confidence in himself as a man, without permitting that interest to depend on any particular attitude which he may assume toward public questions. Of course he will have to talk about the issues as if they were important, and he will have to contrast his own attitude toward them with the Republican attitude, but there will be nothing irreconcilable or dramatic about his dissent. He will use his opportunities on the stump, not to insist on any one controversial policy and not to indict the Republican system, but to advertise himself as a trustworthy, likable, level-headed and sympathetic fellow—more so than the remote and expert Mr. Hoover. A campaign of this kind would trust to the magnetism of those personal qualities whose spell he has so often cast over his fellow citizens in New York, while at the same time avoiding the risk of plunging into doubtful controversies, which he knows little about. Suppose the American people are mildly discontented with the Republican rule, and would like to try a safe substitute. In that event he would be giving them a chance to express a preference for him. It is conceivable, although wholly improbable, that he can be elected by playing the game in this way, but we repeat that at the end of such a campaign the voters will have learned and unlearned nothing. American politics will have registered a further diminution of vitality, and American citizens with something important to do will seek to do it by carefully steering clear of the political arena.

Mr. Prendergast's Mistake

THE growing suspicion that public utility regulation by the states does not adequately protect the interest of the consumers was dramatically enforced the other day by a ruling of Commissioner Prendergast of the Public Service Commission of New York State. A hearing had begun on the application of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York (which owns the New York Edison Company) to issue securities for the purchase of a controlling interest in the Brooklyn Edison Company. There appeared before the Commission Mr. Morris Ernst, attorney for the Public Committee on Power in New York State, which consists of consumers and which was organized to protect the public interest. Mr. Ernst offered a brief in behalf of the Committee, protesting against the proposed merger unless assurances were given to safeguard the public. Mr. Prendergast refused to accept the brief, on the ground that the Committee did not represent stockholders in either of the companies. The inference was clear that the Commission felt it had no duty in the matter except to protect the owners of the utilities. Incidentally, counsel for the Consolidated sneered at the members of the Committee, alleging that they are Socialists. If this were true, why should not Socialist consumers be as much entitled to a hearing as the others? But it is not true; most, if not all, of the members of the Committee are not enrolled Socialists; it includes such persons as Miss Ruth Morgan of the National

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League of Women Voters, and Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, widely known as a close and confidential adviser of Governor Smith.

A perusal of the brief explains amply why the companies wish to keep it off the record. It begins by showing clearly, both by precedent and logic, that the interest of the consumers and the public generally must be considered by utility commissions in passing upon mergers. Permission to merge has frequently been denied because the public interest is not sufficiently served by the proposal, and where permission is granted, the supposed public advantages are often cited as a reason. In its own application in this case, the Consolidated alleges that the public will benefit. One of the functions of the Commission is, to be sure, to protect the interest of any stockholders who might be unfairly injured by a change of ownership or control, but the Commission cannot maintain that by doing so it is protecting the whole interest of the public. For high returns to stockholders are not always compatible with low rates to consumers. There is here a natural conflict which it is the Commission's duty to adjudicate.

Might rates be affected by the merger? Much of the rest of the brief is devoted to proving this. To allow the combination is to lessen competition. Competition does not take place between two such utilities for the service of individual consumers. Nevertheless, one company may adopt the policy of extending service by lowering rates while the other does not. One may be guilty of collusive purchase of materials or financial jugglery, while the other is not. One may maintain a higher degree of efficiency than the other. The results of such differences, reflected in rates, are bound to be noted by consumers or by the Commission, and to lead to pressure upon the recalcitrant company, of a sort which would not be so likely under a monopoly. Special inquiry and special positive guarantees on all sorts of matters which might affect rates are therefore an essential safeguard for the consumer before this type of competition should be abandoned.

An even more important point is that this merger, together with the other companies that would be associated with it, would represent 92.75 percent of the major electric production of New York State. The interests back of it (largely Mellon-owned) have been active in bidding for the proposed power developments on the St. Lawrence River. Whoever develops this power—whether the state or a private company—would have to bargain with this monopoly for its sale; there would be no other outlet. "The complete merger of the New York City companies," states the brief, "eliminates for all time the possibility that St. Lawrence power will come down to New York City unless it is developed by a group affiliated with or acceptable to this one company. . . . Before any state power authority could develop this power and send it to New York City it would have to accept the terms of this one group or leave the power undeveloped." Here, certainly, is a question affecting not only New York consumers, but the whole power issue throughout the nation. The brief is correct in stating that "this kind of problem affords the Commission an opportunity of rendering a public service far more significant than any number of isolated rate cases."

Still more far-reaching implications are involved, moreover. The proposed merger occupies a key position in a combination of the main power interests in the North Atlantic states. It would be tied up with the United Gas Improvement of Philadelphia (which controls the Connecticut Light and Power Company), and with the Public Service Company of New Jersey, as well as with other companies in New York, Canada and New England. In this connection, the brief calls attention to the fact that the several state commissions have no authority over the price of power wholesaled across state lines. The price may be anything the companies please, without public regulation, and if the purchasing company is closely affiliated with the selling company, the price may well be exorbitant. To allow such a merger is, therefore, contrary to public interest unless the Commission first secures from the companies written assurance, by revision of franchises or otherwise, that power wholesaled across state lines shall be subject to the regulation of the commissions in the receiving states.

It must not be assumed that mergers automatically make economies, or that if they do, these economies are passed on to the consumer. The vague statement of the company that this merger will realize savings "that will redound to the benefit of the public as well as to the stockholders" should not be accepted without investigation. Since 1922 mergers have been occurring in profusion in the electrical industry. Yet, according to the Electrical World, the sales-realization of the industry per kilowatt hour has increased from 7.07 cents to 7.36 cents. This does not look like lower rates. Meanwhile technical improvements (which must not be confused with financial mergers) have been bringing great economies. It almost looks as if mergers were made, not for the purpose of effectuating economies, but of exploiting for the promoters the economies that arise from better engineering practice.

Through the rise in prices of stock, and through the issuance of new stock, the market value of the shares of these two companies has risen $300,000,000 since 1926. This looks like discounting an expectation of larger revenues in the future. When a merger occurs, the prices at which the exchange of securities is made may have a great effect upon future rates. For many years the New York Commission took the position that the prices paid by holding companies for operating companies should not be considered in future rate cases—in other

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words, that the securities issued for such purchases should not become a part of the rate base. Valuation proceedings were not to accept them at their face value. But for three years it has ceased to make this stipulation. Therefore, the way is open for the merger to boost its valuation and thus its rates by paying high prices for the stock of the purchased company—prices which may be fixed according to market values which were achieved as a result of discounting enlarged future profits. These matters should be looked into by the Commission.

With all these uncertainties staring it in the face, the Commission could hardly accept the responsibility of sanctioning the merger, if it gave any thought to them at all. It would be forced to deny the application until ways were found to protect the public in every aspect of the matter. The result of denials would be new applications, offering further protection to the consumer.

The brief pointed out to the Commission that it had the opportunity of "deliberation, hearings, smoking out the facts, discovering the extent of the economies of the merger, finding out for yourselves what portion should go to the consumers and then indicating your position in what will be one of the great social papers of our generation." But Mr. Prendergast chose to deny the Commission even the opportunity to hear this suggestion. He declined to consider any interest but that of the stockholders of the companies. No more telling incident could be cited to show the failure of commission regulation to deal adequately with the utility problem.

The Civilizing of Divorce

SECULAR journals have given insufficient attention to a bit of legislation which the Methodist Episcopal Church at its last quadrennial conference adopted on the subject of divorce. Theretofore the Methodists had adhered with respect to divorce to the so-called evangelical code, which forbade a minister of that denomination to re-marry divorced persons except on one condition. They must produce evidence that adultery had furnished grounds for divorce, and that, of course, they were the innocent victims of the wrong. The new code leaves the minister free to marry whom he will. Divorced or not divorced, the parties' fitness for marriage is to be decided, not by any hard and fast legal rule, but by the good sense and discretion of the clergyman. Nor is the act of divorce to serve as a barrier against the reception of its perpetrators into the Church and against their receiving of the communion.

This recognition of divorce by a denomination as powerful as the Methodists foreshadows the eventual abandonment by the Protestant Churches of an obsolete dogma, which had long lost its authority over the enlightened human conscience, and which has impaired the reality of the Church's moral influence. The Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church have ruled that civil divorce does not really dissolve the sacramental bonds of matrimony. The State may grant divorce, but the two Churches insist that people, once validly married, remain married until one of them dies. Rome allows some degree of elasticity by permitting the divorced persons to bring forth evidence that the first marriage was not valid. It decided the Marlborough case two years ago on the ground that Consuelo Vanderbilt in her first marriage had not really given her consent, but had yielded to the wedding under coercion. It decided the Marconi case more recently on the ground that, as the Marconis had agreed at the time of marrying that in the event of future friction they would neither of them live up to the marriage contract, their union lacked one of the necessary conditions to a valid Catholic marriage.

The orthodox Protestant Churches, in allowing the innocent party to a divorce, granted for adultery, to re-marry, have acted upon the Gospel of St. Matthew, which reports Christ as saying, "Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery." The Higher Critics of late years have reached a general agreement that the passage in Matthew is really a softening down of the strict teaching of Jesus on the absolute indissolubility of marriage. This is most often stated in the familiar words, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." As a result of this criticism and as part of the reaction of the Churches against the frequency of modern divorce, conservative theologians have agitated in favor of a code which forbids the clergy of the Churches to re-marry a person divorced, no matter what the cause of the divorce. The Anglo-Catholics memorialize to this effect every triennial meeting of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church. Almost annually the Presbyterian Churches, both north and south, are similarly petitioned. The conservatives have so far converted the Episcopal Church that there is now a strict canon which automatically deposes from the ministry any clergyman who re-marries a divorced person, cause of the divorce notwithstanding.

These differences between civil and ecclesiastical law have brought about severe conflicts at times between the Church and the State in this country. The Marlborough case provoked a storm of criticism. The Episcopal Bishop of New York, Dr. Manning, declared from the pulpit of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine that the Roman Church had undermined the laws of the United States of America by nullifying an American civil ceremony, and it had insulted the Episcopal Church by abrogating a sacrament of that body. There is some ground for this sort of criticism. Not infrequently a Catholic will procure a divorce and re-marry. The

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second marriage, while valid in the eyes of the State, is invalid in the eyes of Rome. Not infrequently the Catholic relatives and friends of the offender as well as the clergy hound him to leave his second wife. They are bound to declare that the marriage of the State is no marriage at all, that the couple are living in sin, and that their offspring are illegitimate. A year ago an irate husband in Louisiana sued a Catholic priest because the latter had succeeded in alienating the plaintiff's wife by persuading her that the marriage was really an adulterous union.

But neither the Episcopal nor any other Church whose religious code conflicts with those of the states of this Union are in a better case than Rome. If Dr. Manning is logical, he must refuse to recognize the former Miss Vanderbilt as being the valid wife of M. Balsan, on the ground that her true husband is still the Duke of Marlborough. He assumes the right to decide against the validity of the French marriage and he repudiates the Catholic ceremony which was performed after the annulment by Rome. In fact, any Episcopal or Presbyterian minister who refuses to re-marry divorced people on the supposition that the civil courts have no right to dissolve a marriage except for reasons of which his Church approves, is in substance declaring invalid any marriage into which the parties may subsequently enter. There are Episcopal ministers who not only refuse the communion to re-married persons, but also stigmatize the issue of the second marriage as bastards.

The recent revision of their Church law with respect to divorce by the Methodists abandons this essentially untenable position. By authorizing the individual minister to use his discretion in re-marrying divorced persons, it recognizes the social fact of divorce as something which the Church cannot effectually or righteously challenge. It recognizes the right of the State to decide whether or not and how a marriage becomes valid or invalid. On the other hand, the Methodists, while abandoning to the State the function of legislating about marriage, have not ceased for that reason to occupy themselves with the effect which the act of marriage or its dissolution may have upon the moral lives of the members of Methodist Churches. At the same conference they declared that what they take to be the excessive tendency to divorce was caused by hasty unions on the part of young people who are improperly instructed in the nature and meaning of the relationship into which they were entering. They propose to vindicate their responsibility for the moral welfare of their flocks by preparing and offering courses of study in marriage. Young people in the Methodist Church are to be urged and offered the opportunity to seek enlightenment from parents, pastors and physicians.

Some people who approve of the refusal of the Methodists to endorse the opposition between Church and civil law in the matter of divorce will receive this constructive moral substitute for ecclesiastical law-making with suspicion. They will question whether parents, physicians and pastors are competent to enlighten young Methodists about the salutary conduct of the process of getting and remaining married. Are not the very elders whom they are calling in as the fountain of wise counsel for the young indistinguishable as a class from the people to whom divorce is the preferred remedy for ill-assorted and unsuccessful marriages? They will ask how the kind of instruction which young people can receive from their implicated elders can be expected to enlighten young people in the conduct of their sexual lives. They will point out that the pastors who have legislated badly may also advise badly. The guidance which the Christian Church has traditionally exercised over the relation between the sexes has either been negative or negligible. Possibly Christianity's most grievous failure in teaching the good life may be associated with its impotence to create a domestic atmosphere in which sexual and religious experience were not either hostile or irrelevant one to another. There is, we believe, an amount of truth in this skepticism which open-minded Christian clergymen ignore only at the expense of their own social authority, but it remains true, none the less, that the new attitude of the Methodist Church is encouraging in its negative aspect and may prove to be educational in its positive aspect. The Methodists are substituting in their relation to an all-important area of human conduct a scientific and pragmatic test for a dogmatic and a theological test. They have abandoned an absolute law of marriage, based upon the alleged explicit authority of Jesus, and they are falling back upon the attempt to discover some method of associating the validity of a marriage with its moral history. They will have to travel far upon the road before they will find what they are seeking, but if they take the quest seriously, they may eventually make some headway. There is no way out for modernist Christianity except to pursue excavations in the methodical conduct of the dramatic fundamental human relationships.

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HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: T. S. MATTHEWS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN ROBERT LITTELL
LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL
LEO WOLMAN ELINOR WYLIE

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Church and Parliament in England

WE HAVE been living, in England, during the last six months, in a richly furnished museum. The debates on the revised Prayer Book have raised the curtains that confine us within our century, and through their lifted folds we have seen vistas of an infinitely distant past. Religion, it may be, has always these marks of continuity upon it. Our emotions are the oldest part of our human nature, and they are never so conservative as in their response to the mysteries and the memories which cling about a sacramental rite. The cravings which modern Englishmen satisfy round an Anglican altar are as old as *homo sapiens,* and they take little account of the work which the intellect, in its revolutionary task of destruction and reconstruction, has wrought with full consciousness in the bright fore-courts of the mind. The history of the vote which rejected the Prayer Book at Westminster would turn out, if we had leisure to analyze it, to be the history of our entire evolution.

The immediate facts are curious and more than a little complex. Here is a Church which has remained, in spite of the union of the Crowns and the Parliaments, literally the Church of England. It failed to impose itself on Scotland: it has been disestablished in Calvinist Wales. None the less, because it is the national Church established by law, it must submit to Scottish and Welsh as well as to English votes. The first fact of importance which qualifies this notable vote is that, among the members from English constituencies, the measure which proposed to legalize the Book had a clear and sufficient majority. The triumphant Protestant opposition would have been powerless, but for the aid of Scotch Presbyterians, Welsh Baptists and Calvinist Methodists, and the hardened Orangemen of Ulster. In these regions of the Celtic fringe the Reformation came with hammer and winnowing fan. It smashed the past as ruthlessly as it desecrated the cathedrals, and felt none of that sedulous English piety which pruned the branch but spared the root. The lapse of three centuries has left in these parts of our island enough of the old dread of the "Scarlet Woman," enough of the old scorn of "priestcraft," to defeat the English plea for "self-determination." Very jealous of English interference in their own local affairs, these men from Scotland, Wales and Ulster felt that a principle was at stake, and they would not concede in this matter the measure of Home Rule which the English majority demanded.

One notices, when one scrutinizes the votes according to party, a tendency whch may be still more significant. The Book had a comfortable majority in the Conservative party, though it was this party which, in the person of the Home Secretary, supplied leadership to the Protestant opposition. The Liberals, who are drawn mainly from the Celtic fringe, were almost solid against the Book—solider, in fact, then they usually are in most of our current controversies. The Labor party was divided. A section of it, which included Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, walked out without voting. A substantial majority voted against the Book. Its supporters in the Labor party were drawn mainly from the professional or upper-class men, who joined it during or after the War. The trade-unionist element, the men who have actually worked in mill or mine with their own hands, is overwhelmingly Protestant, but the names which one associates with aristocratic families, a Buxton, a Ponsonby, a Mosley, were among the supporters of the Bishops.

There seems to be, then, some faint class line of demarcation between the two tendencies. Not always, but usually, the skilled, self-respecting artisan, the man who is proud of the traditions of his class, remains instinctively Protestant. In England, the middle and upper class sympathizes, on the whole, with the High Church, and it tends to become, with every decade, less compromising and more Catholic. It was not the first, or Tudor Reformation which won the workers for Protestantism. The evidence is that it can hardly have touched their thinking at all. They acquiesced, often with manifest sullenness and bewilderment, in an event which found its real support in the nationalism and the economic interests of the new *bourgeoisie* and the new landed class. Those who really cared, during this Tudor Reformation, for its subtle and hesitating doctrine of the Sacrament, must have been very few. The dislike of a foreign yoke must have been the chief motive. That yoke, through the Canon Law, imposed (or at least sought to impose) restrictions in matters of trade (above all, by prohibiting "usury") which an ambitious merchant class was beginning to find irksome: it was feeling its way towards a modern individualist ethic. But victory came, on a realistic view, apparently because the new rich of this expansive age coveted the lands, the endowments, and the abbeys of the monastic orders. The Church of England has never lost the marks of its origin. It is still nationalist. It can harbor men whose views of doctrine and whose tastes in ritual are those of the old Church. It can still count on the support of the classes which imposed it on the nation. But in the mind and convictions of the masses it wrought no change.

It was the later waves of the Reformation which won the more prosperous urban workers, the miners and a part of the lower middle-class—the waves which created one nonconforming sect after an-

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other, until the process culminated in the expulsion of the Methodists. This second Reformation it was which won the densely-peopled regions of the North, as the industrial revolution gathered its clustered populations round the pit-heads of Durham and along the Yorkshire valleys. Methodism, with its uncomfortable enthusiasms, brought to these crowded and hard-driven miners and weavers an emotional refuge from the deadening routine of the machines, which, but for it, might have subdued their spirits. It promised them the romance of "escape," first in its emotional "revivals" and prayer-meetings, and then in its sunny assurance of an after-life emancipated from Calvinistic terrors. It relegated the Sacrament to an obscure and secondary position, but it made every "converted" layman, at his own family-prayers, in the public prayer-meeting and even in the pulpit, a priest before God and his less gifted brothers. Inevitably, though Methodism was rarely associated with radical political opinions, it deepened the sense of the social gulf between these "free" churches with their unassuming ministry, and the Established Church with its priesthood and its central rite of the Sacrament. Inevitably, these converts of the Second Reformation came to think of Anglicanism as the Church of the master-class, the Church which exists to maintain the due subordination of working men to parson and squire. The cleavage is not primarily doctrinal: Wesley's beliefs are held today, within the established Church, by many of the "low" or evangelical clergy. The cleavage is social and economic. It rests on class, and this it is which explains why the professional or aristocratic socialist is often an Anglo-Catholic, while the typical trade-union leader is so often a Methodist lay-preacher. Such men retain something of the Puritan dread of Rome, though it is only an obscure inherited prejudice. They feel no call to aid the Bishops in maintaining discipline within the Church, since they tend to regard the Church itself as a mechanism largely designed to impose a social discipline of subjection on their own class.

This may be an exaggerated, or obsolete opinion. This hospitable Church includes clergy of every shade of social or political opinion. There have always been some bishops with advanced liberal opinions. There are a fair number of socialist parsons, usually high Anglo-Catholics. There are parsons in the east-ends of industrial cities, who have been known to lead dockers and sweated women workers in difficult and heroic strikes. But, on the whole, the instinct of the average worker is sound. The Anglican Church is the Church of fashion and wealth. Into it the descendants of the "self-made" Nonconformist employer, who rose from the ranks, will usually drift, in the second or third generation. It is on the whole a bulwark of conservatism, in politics and in social life, and this, in contrast with the "free" churches it must be, because its bishops and its clergy are appointed from above. Wealthy patrons, who have "livings" in their gift, tend to nominate clergy of "safe" and conservative opinions. It is only in the "free" churches, whose congregations choose their own pastors, that one escapes, at least partially, from the dictatorship of wealth. The Establishment may be in theory a relic of sixteenth-century nationalism, and of Tudor absolutism. In fact, to the average English worker and to a great part of the English lower middle-class, it rests on a vague class line, which one feels as a dim and intangible presence, though one can never draw it as a hard and visible boundary. It is this obscure economic cleavage which explains why Scotch Presbyterians and English Noncomformists were not content to abstain in these critical divisions. They would have disclaimed any hostility towards the Church. They have almost forgotten the days when its tests barred their fathers from the Universities and from public office, but in their subconscious minds there lurks this sense, based on generations of experience, that this established Church is a part of the mechanism of social subordination, which stratifies English life, rigidly in the village, perceptibly in the town. They were not disposed to strengthen it.

In a sense this rejection is final. The second vote, so much larger, so much more deliberate than the first, means that Parliament will never give to the established Church by formal charter the right to sanction and recognize the later Anglo-Catholic development of the Sacrament. One may risk this prediction from a survey of party prospects. The Conservatives will be less, the Liberals and the Labor men more numerous in the next Parliaments. If the Bishops cannot carry their measure in this Conservative Parliament, they can have no reasonable hopes for the predictable future. Several courses are open to them, some dangerous, some humiliating, none of them satisfactory. First, they may do nothing whatever, leaving what its critics call the "chaos" in the Church without remedy. The old Prayer Book is admittedly obsolete, the revised Prayer Book has no sanction. In effect the Anglo-Catholics would continue their more daring practices, gaining slowly but surely in numbers and influence, and it would be even less possible than it is today to impose any effective discipline upon them. The second possible course is to accept the belated overture for peace which came from the Home Secretary (Sir William Joynson-Hicks). He has offered that the opposition will accept the revised Prayer Book, provided that all the rubrics which permit any reservation of the Sacrament are omitted. This would be a difficult surrender. It would dissolve the compromise which induced the moderate Anglo-Catholics to accept the revised Book. It would not bring about uniformity, for the practice of reservation would continue, and the Bishops would lack the moral authority to check it. But it would give to the Church a Prayer Book which in many respects is in closer harmony with

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modern civilization than the old. Parliament would escape the responsibility for sanctioning reservation, but while it salved its own Protestant conscience, it would know that this, and still extremer practices, would continue to grow.

A third course, however, is possible and will probably be adopted. The Bishops may simply content themselves with an announcement that they will permit variations from the old Prayer Book which do not stray outside the limits of the new Book. This would, in effect, make the new Book the standard ritual, though it would have no legal authority. This might for the time being close the controversy, but one doubts whether it would have any effect in checking the growth of ritualism. Finally, Convocation might defy Parliament, by declaring that its own sanction for the revised Book was sufficient.

Logically, this fourth course ought to lead to disestablishment, and many of the Anglo-Catholics would wish to adopt it, with the deliberate intention of goading the Protestants to propose the final separation of Church and State. Whether in fact Parliament would, even in this event, accept the challenge, is very doubtful, disestablishment is the solution of the extremists in both camps. The moderate average churchman dreads it, for he argues that without the coercing hand of the State, feeble though it is, such unity as the Church still possesses would disappear. He pictures the gradual drift of the Low Church into the Nonconformist fold, and of the High Church to Rome. He fears the loss of the Church's revenues, and tends (as average persons always will) to prefer the *status quo* to any revolutionary change. Nor is there, among the less fanatical Nonconformists, any active or passionate demand for disestablishment. It could not be carried unless some government assumed the responsibility for proposing it. That no Conservative government will ever do. The Liberals might conceivably do it, but they will never again hold power, save as members of a coalition. Labor might wish to do it. It is overwhelmingly Protestant and Nonconformist, and its churchmen are usually of the school which desires disestablishment. It has an instinct (rarely conscious or articulate), that the Church of England is a part of the mechanism of social suppression and class discipline. It may be argued plausibly that its liberation from the control of the State would restore its spiritual health, force it to rely on popular support, and cause it to use its influence more boldly for social justice and international peace. But this is, at best, the hazardous speculation of optimists: a disendowed Church might be more than ever dependent on the conditional support of wealthy men.

One may risk the prediction that the Labor party will never itself take the initiative in forcing disestablishment without the consent of the Church. The Labor party is bent on other things. Its ambition is to restore our decaying industries, to drain the stagnant pools of unemployment, and to further an international ideal of coöperative peace. It does not wish to complicate politics in England, as they are complicated in France, by a fight against clericalism. Its aims are economic, and the Church, if it be in some sense a hostile influence, is not an open or provocative enemy. Disestablishment, to sum up, will come in England only by consent. It will come when the Church plainly asks for it. That moment has not certainly come, and may not come for many years, though the events of the past year have brought us perceptibly nearer to it.

What, then, shall we say, by way of interpretation of this singular event? It looks like a Protestant victory, but it will have, in all probability, the contrary effect. The revised Prayer Book was a careful compromise which sought, by a comparatively slight concession, to limit the growth of Catholic practices and doctrines. It sanctioned the reservation of the Sacrament for the sick, but it did not permit its adoration. To a practical spectator like the present writer, the distinction seems slight, but it gains in importance as one follows these controversies. The extremer Anglo-Catholics (who are already numerous, as they are devoted and well organized) believe that the miracle of the Mass works an objective change in the "substance" of wafer and wine: they must, therefore, worship and adore the God present in the church. One may fail to understand how any mind which lives in our century can think in terms of this scholastic metaphysic, but, in fact, thousands of Anglican priests do compass this marvel. The orthodox Anglican view is that God is only subjectively present. The miracle takes place only in the minds of the communicants. It is the less subtle belief, the old-world, magical tenet of transubstantiation which is gaining ground in the Church of England. It will gain further ground as the result of Parliament's action. For the rejection of the compromise will mean that reservation will be general, and there will be within the Church no public opinion, no honorable disposition to obey, which can be rallied against adoration. The rite, one supposes, is in all religions the fundamental thing. Men dance first, or they sacrifice first; the myth and the dogma follow the rite, and explain it. Now the Christian rite has two aspects, both of them in their origins as old as mankind. The primeval rite meant the annual sacrifice of the god, but it meant also a celebration of the fraternity of the tribe. As one stresses the one or the other, one will make a religion that leans to magic, or a religion that emphasizes, above all else, the brotherhood of man. It is the magical interpretation which gains ground, as the High Church wins tacit toleration for its peculiar practices. We are, in consequence, a little nearer to the primitive thinking which Sir James Frazer analyzed in "The Golden Bough," and a little further from a social rendering of the Christian rite.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

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Hoover or Smith?

I. "Other Things Being Equal"

NOT in many years have we had a national election in which there are so many incalculable elements as in that of 1928. Not since 1916 have the Democrats seemed to have so much chance of success. Not in a generation have the candidates represented such genuine differences in point of view. Probably no one living is competent to predict the course of events this year; and it is likely that even when the election is over, we shall not know all the reasons which caused it to go one way or the other. The writer, in this article and the others which will follow it in a brief series, has no intention of trying to predict the result; he would not be so foolhardy even if he felt qualified, which he does not. He proposes, instead, to point out some of the existing data which are pertinent. He will supply, so to speak, hops and malt for those who wish to brew their own prophecies.

The most useful point of departure is an examination of past performances. The fact that a state has gone Republican once in the past is no guarantee that it will do so again; but if it has gone Republican nine times out of eleven, and the two exceptions were 1912, when Roosevelt split the Republican vote, and 1916, when Wilson was "keeping us out of war," it is safe to suppose that, "other things being equal," it will go Republican again. At any rate, such a supposition is a better basis for prophecy than somebody's casual opinion that "the people of the state of Zenithia are for Smith"—or Hoover—"to the last man."

Here is a table showing how each state has gone in the past eleven national elections, back to and including 1884:

VOTE OF EACH STATE IN THE PAST ELEVEN ELECTIONS

State	Republican	Democratic	Other Parties	State	Republican	Democratic	Other Parties
Alabama		11		Nebraska	7	4	
Arizona	2	2		Nevada	5	5	Populist 1
Arkansas		11		New Hampshire	9	2	
California	8	2	Progressive 1	New Jersey	7	4	
Colorado	5	5	Populist 1	New Mexico	2	2	
Connecticut	7	4		New York	8	3	
Delaware	7	4		North Carolina		11	
Florida		11		North Dakota	6	2	Populist 1
Georgia		11		Ohio	9	2	
Idaho	4	4	Populist 1	Oklahoma	1	4	
Illinois	9	2		Oregon	10	1	
Indiana	8	3		Pennsylvania	10		Progressive 1
Iowa	10	1		Rhode Island	10	1	
Kansas	7	3	Populist 1	South Carolina		11	
Kentucky	2	9		South Dakota	7	1	Progressive 1
Louisiana		11		Tennessee	1	10	
Maine	10	1		Texas		11	
Maryland	4	7		Utah	6	2	
Massachusetts	10	1		Vermont	11		
Michigan	10		Progressive 1	Virginia		11	
Minnesota	10		Progressive 1	Washington	6	2	Progressive 1
Mississippi		11		West Virginia	7	4	
Missouri	4	7		Wisconsin	8	2	La Follette 1
Montana	5	4		Wyoming	6	3	

On the basis of this table, putting all states in the doubtful column if there is no pronounced trend one way or the other, we get the following:

Republican: California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

Democratic: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia.

Doubtful: Arizona (which has gone each way twice); Colorado (which has voted each way five times and Populist once); Idaho (four times each way and Populist once); Nevada (five times each way and Populist once); and New Mexico (each way twice).

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If we assign to each state its proper number of electoral college votes, and express the result in a table, it looks like this:

PROBABLE ELECTION RESULT, BASED ON PAST ELEVEN NATIONAL CAMPAIGNS

State	*Republican*	*Democratic*	*Doubtful*
Alabama		12	
Arizona			3
Arkansas		9	
California	13		
Colorado			6
Connecticut	7		
Delaware	3		
Florida		6	
Georgia		14	
Idaho			4
Illinois	29		
Indiana	15		
Iowa	13		
Kansas	10		
Kentucky		13	
Louisiana		10	
Maine	6		
Maryland		8	
Massachusetts	18		
Michigan	15		
Minnesota	12		
Mississippi		10	
Missouri		18	
Montana	4		
Nebraska	8		
Nevada			3
New Hampshire	4		
New Jersey	14		
New Mexico			3
New York	45		
North Carolina		12	
North Dakota	5		
Ohio	24		
Oklahoma		10	
Oregon	5		
Pennsylvania	38		
Rhode Island	5		
South Carolina		9	
South Dakota	5		
Tennessee		12	
Texas		20	
Utah	4		
Vermont	4		
Virginia		12	
Washington	7		
West Virginia	8		
Wisconsin	13		
Wyoming	3		
TOTAL	337	175	19

Total number of electoral votes: 531.
Necessary to elect: 266.

It will be seen that on the basis of this compilation, Smith is short by ninety-one votes of the necessary two hundred and sixty-six. He could obtain that number—and twenty-two over—by carrying Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Illinois. The first four of these five states would bring him within seven votes of the required number.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a tabulation based on eleven past elections is a less reliable guide than one which is calculated on a smaller number in the immediate past. Conditions change, new issues emerge and old ones lose their importance, personalities appear and disappear. If we make a similar table based only on the past three elections, 1916-1924 inclusive (omitting 1912 because that year the normal Republican vote was split between Roosevelt and Taft) we get the following result:

PROBABLE ELECTION RESULTS, BASED ON PAST THREE NATIONAL CAMPAIGNS

State	*Republican*	*Democratic*
Alabama		12
Arizona	3	
Arkansas		9
California	13	
Colorado	6	
Connecticut	7	
Delaware	3	
Florida		6
Georgia		14
Idaho	4	
Illinois	29	
Indiana	15	
Iowa	13	
Kansas	10	
Kentucky		13
Louisiana		10
Maine	6	
Maryland	8	
Massachusetts	18	
Michigan	15	
Minnesota	12	
Mississippi		10
Missouri	18	
Montana	4	
Nebraska	8	
Nevada	3	
New Hampshire	4	
New Jersey	14	
New Mexico	3	
New York	45	
North Carolina		12
North Dakota	5	
Ohio	24	
Oklahoma		10
Oregon	5	
Pennsylvania	38	
Rhode Island	5	
South Carolina		9

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State	Republican	Democratic
South Dakota	5	
Tennessee		12
Texas		20
Utah	4	
Vermont	4	
Virginia		12
Washington	7	
West Virginia	8	
Wisconsin	13	
Wyoming	3	
TOTAL	382	149

All these changes, it will be observed, are to the detriment of the Democrats. Every one of the doubtful states—Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada and New Mexico—is moved into the Republican column, and so are two of the states listed as Democratic, Maryland and Missouri. The effect is to increase the Republican vote by forty-five, and to diminish the Democratic by twenty-six. Smith now needs 117 votes to win. He would not only have to carry the five states already mentioned, but one other with four or more electoral votes. He could do it with Wisconsin (13); or Colorado (6); or he could just do it with Idaho (4).

What likelihood is there that he can carry the states referred to? Is there any chance that he may lose part of the solid South, and if so, what states? What will be the effect of his Catholicism, of the prohibition issue, of the woman's vote?

I shall try to throw some light on these matters in subsequent articles. BRUCE BLIVEN.

Mystic America

The Re-Discovery of America: XVII

IN an early paper, I set forth that man's sense of the whole is germinally his sense of self; that this sense, immediately experienced, spreads in some men to become the mystic sense—the sense of the cosmic Whole, and that this ultimate One is "known" *in the exact same way* in which a man "knows" the unity of his person. Man's need of order, I said, and his making of order are his science, his art, his religion; and these are all to be referred to the initial sense of order called the self. (The prototype of scientific number is the body, the standard of esthetic form is the body, and the "I" is the mirrored and mirroring image of the God, as Moses knew and Hermes Trismegistus when he said: As above, so below.) Man's growth, then, intellectual, esthetic, spiritual, is an ascending series from the nuclear unity of self to the unity of life. . . . But this simplification is not accurate. Man's sense of self is not reproduced, not adumbrated in the mystic sense: more strictly, it is *realized* there. Selfhood is falsehood, unless it is experienced as a relative focus of the unity of all men and all being.[1] The usual "self" is a flashing and fusing of moods, a flux of memories and behaviors split from the unity of life. Its "separateness" is its deletion of the whole that makes it. Such "self" is the root of all disease; multiply it and it is the modern chaos. The experience of true wholeness is a light that can be centered sharp or wide: illuming by its focus what is called self, what is called the nation, what is called the cosmos. This true awareness I name mystic; because it is not analytic, because no accumulation of the sense or of the logic of sense can ever sum to it. The conviction of personal self, although not logically proved, determines all our acts; and likewise, when the mystic sense is given, all deed sustains it.

The conflict between reason and science on the one hand and mysticism on the other is nothing but the tension between the parts and the whole. Although science observes the many, its meaning is to establish the one: its faith hence is in a law not empirically provable, and without this law, science cannot even observe! To observe it must have Number; and number's "self"—the transmutable "one," as Pythagoras and the Egyptians knew—is a mystic structure. You may call your order scientific, if you like: the fact remains that from enumeration which assumes a "one" *before* observance you are building a one *beyond* observance. Not alone your goal in science (as in art and religion)—but your outset also, is the One which is mystic. Art and religion, as well as science, are disciplines of logic: but science, as well as art and religion, moves from the mystic premise of a Whole upon that Whole's unproved yet unavoidable fulfillment.

The true mystic is a naturalistic monist, in whom man's instinctive impulse and intellectual effort have become *integrally conscious*. He is the rejector of all dualisms, all transcendentalisms. But there are always degenerates from this true mysticism (that of the Upanishads and Moses, of Pythagoras and Spinoza, of Goethe, Blake, Cézanne, Whitman): they are men who have tasted the experience of wholeness, been unable to sustain it in their lives and lapsed to the compromise of setting their frail *sentiment* of wholeness upon some phase of life or other-worldly dream. From Bud-

[1] For a profound analysis of the working of this ancient mystic truth in modern social and personal life (by a man, moreover, who rejects the mystic), see Dr. Trigant Burrow's book, "The Social Basis of Consciousness."

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dhist, Platonist, Manichee to Mrs. Eddy such "mysticals" are ever rampant. In their name the true mystic is denounced.

Now, for the immediate application: To be unconscious of the whole is to live in terms of the part, and this—the way of animals and of practical men—is to be unconscious. To be conscious of the Whole is to live in terms of the whole, and this—the way of the mystic and of Man—is to be conscious. America, from its historic outset, has had the *mystic tradition:* a tradition, that is, which rose from consciousness of the whole of man and of God; which linked the land with all lands and all men; which identified the self of our land with the destiny of human kind.

By contrast, consider other worlds. England and France ever regarded themselves as individuals in competition with other individuals whom they strove to outclass. Rome was mistress of a miscellaneous world, which is not the same as being the soul of the world. The Greeks looked *out* upon barbarians and strangers; they never digested the wholeness of their prophets. These were nations in an unconscious, dualistic course: their way, since it was that of men who in all ages have called themselves—however falsely—"practical men," I call the *practical tradition.* Only the Jews of the ancient western peoples seem to have realized their sense of self as a focus of the Whole. (It was their real sense of wholeness that made their self real, and made it survive many a "practical" nation.) The process in them was not immediate or constant: ages of indoctrination by prophet and rabbi, and of elimination by disaster were needed to purify the Jew from the normal unconscious course of the child race and to cause him to accept the destiny, linking him with all men, which is the norm of Man. Mystics have lived in every nation; the wonder of the Jew was that he realized his mystics. Christian Europe incorporated this mystic tradition of the Whole, and strove to fulfill it with the order and arms of Rome. Ere it was more than a completed project, the Synthesis failed. But at its agony, came America—America which was formed of the mystic destiny of the defeated Mother no less than of the dissolute parts of fragmented Europe. From Israel to holy Rome, from Rome to the theocracies of Massachusetts, the lineage is not broken. . . .

Even before the Puritans, the mystic tradition was planted on our shore. The man who first discovered the Atlantic moved, if confusedly, within it. He thought that he was sailing for the Indies, he dreamed to absorb the scattered East into the Organ of the West. He spoke to Isabel, mystic queen of Spain, and to her monks, of making One the two halves of the world. It was Columbus, first historic man to touch America, who grounded in us the mystic tradition. The *conquistadores,* whose will was more intent on the means of steel than on the end of wholeness, yet furthered the tradition: they brought the medieval priests in whom it was still vital. The Jesuits of France followed the Spaniards. But it was the Puritans who made the tradition organic, by establishing it as the Law in their bleak towns. Prophets like John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, Ann Hutchinson, John Eliot, Roger Williams staked in the wildernesses of New England little worlds where humankind might be one. Each in his faltering way worked toward unity of rule and service, of deed and prayer: visioned an America free of the divisions of Europe—an American dawn to bring the Day.

Within a hundred years, the purpose of such men had broken. We know how they builded with materials already rotting, with measures that crumbled in their hands. Their very definitions were part of the vast Deliquescence which had sent them forth. Inevitable was the growing shrillness of their voices, the widening gap between their world and their project. And inevitable was the rise of men of the other stamp—the "practical men" who rejected the Whole since it had failed. From that failure in England, the many parts survived and set themselves up. State, law, caste, property, reason, etc., became the several gods of these men, their one reality. The mystic tradition was in full retreat on the Atlantic seaboard long before the Revolution. The shrewd conclave which, under patronage of Washington and Franklin, locked the door on their deliberations and wrote down the new State, forgetting even the bill of rights, marked the climax of American disdain for the oldest American tradition. And yet we cannot blame them. The words in which the great tradition still occasionally spoke had become wild, its laws were rusted iron. Fanatics like Jonathan Edwards had mangled the spirit to fit decadent codes. To have seen the eternal truth imprisoned in the frenzy of absolutistic and reactionary churchmen would have required a prophet. And these were but "practical men": men who saw facts, or prophets of facts—parts, parts always. They were looking forward. The Thing (another word for the part) was, as Emerson said later, in the saddle: and they were the slaves of the Thing. By this dominion of *parts* (commerce, industry, farming, money, and the like) the old Order feebly transplanted from England had to be wholly corrupted into chaos, ere there could be birth of a new order. The fathers of the Republic were perfecters of this necessary chaos—the preparers of the American Jungle from which may rise Americans at last. Such has ever been the role of the practical men. They solve the question of life by begging it. They exalt some fragment—person, caste, Church, State, property, reason—and declare its autonomy over all. Their course is the strewn breakage of spirit, which is wholeness. No matter. Since they coin money and bury their dead, they are called practical men. Since

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they fulfill the process of decomposition whereby life is renewed, they *are* practical men. They rose now, on the failure of the mystic tradition in an America still unborn of breaking Europe. The Zion of the Puritan became the little India of the Brahmin Yankee; Penn's city of brotherly love bred a snob town that imitated London; the good Indian of John Eliot turned to a "dead Indian." . . .

But the great tradition did not die: it went underground. There, for the first fifty years of the American republic, it led a cavernous life. Lacking sun, it grew dwarfed, took shapes that were false. Perhaps it struck blindly in Shays' Rebellion (our schools have hidden this event); perhaps it muttered in the Tammany Hall of Aaron Burr (what nation knows so little of its beginnings?). It was there, sentimental, confused, in the agrarian utopias of Rousseauist and physiocrat; it had a nose above ground (no other part of the head) in the coonskin movement of Jackson. With Abolition, it was hysterical and hot; with Unitarianism, it was hysterical and cold. In the verse of Whittier, whose "Snowbound" is a neglected scripture, it stumbled toward sanity again, girded itself, opened its dimmed eye. But the America of Power was against it, even the America of genius. Calhoun, with Grecian themes of slave-democracy, wove spells to keep it under. Clay stammered eloquently to confuse it and Webster roared its own slogans to destroy it. Not till these masters of the practical tradition had sown the whirlwind perfectly, preparing the civil war to which the want of understanding of all "practical men" (since their "wisdom" is division) ineluctably leads a land, did the mystic tradition lift up its voice once more.

It spoke most clearly in four men: Emerson, Poe, Thoreau, Whitman.[1] Each in his way harked back to the American beginnings. Emerson made a constitution of the Whole, in which man was citizen and carried his statutes in his mind. Thoreau acted the program: he went out on the rivers and let his spirit flow with the land. He understood the red man—his religious restraint and our connection, deeper than culture, with him. With his hands, Thoreau made service to the tradition of his fathers. Whitman did not think out a plan like his master Emerson: Whitman *saw*. "Walden" is a deed, a kind of Creation. "Leaves of Grass" is a vision, a kind of Song of Moses. The eyes of the belovéd vagabond were dim, being too widely focused. The details are not there of the body of his vision. But again, in him, the intent of America's past looms forward to a future. Like a mist of spring it is, cloudy, seed-laden—solid enough to draw the eyes of the world.

Contemporary, yet isolate and misunderstood (is it a wonder, since he did not understand himself? No man who knows himself will lack understanding in his fellows), Poe weaves with his formal logic the scheme planned by Emerson, the wholeness visioned by Whitman. This arch-romantic, this concocter of mystery-tales and pseudo-gothic gardens is the most truly traditional—the most truly practical American of them all: the deepest plotter of an America that shall be no mere echo of old rhapsodes, but a New World indeed! For a new world requires a new substance, and Poe is an alchemist—a seeker of stuff-transfiguration. In "Eureka" he scenarios the Whole that his spiritual fathers have with broken words been hailing. He cannot touch it with sensuous fingers; he is not artist enough, like Whitman. Nor, like Emerson, is he preacher enough to exhort it. He is a man of scientific intuition; he sees how the machine may transmute human behavior—the machine a new hand. He subscribes through such means a chemic transubstantiation in which personal destiny will be revalued. All this he does *for* America in the same larval way that he is *of* America. He works as a prisoner in a cave, with only mud at hand, might model a temple for a sun-god. All these men, indeed, are thwarted; their tradition stifles since it is submerged; not one of them has a clear way into America's past from which to issue, free, into America's future. The sun and the fields are with the makers of discord. The false splendor of the first years of the republic stands between the tradition and itself. Whitman grows weary with exhortation; Emerson refines and refines till he has convinced himself that his cave is the very place from which to vault to Plato's heaven; Thoreau cramps his skill into a huckleberry party, spills his magnificent ire on a county taxman; Melville's despair turns mad and mute. All together, they scarcely make the Genesis for our American scripture. There is longing in them, rather than the conquest of the wilderness before our Canaan. And yet they prove, at that heyday of dissent, the life of the oldest American tradition.

We have begun to read these men, while we ignore the lords of their day—the priests of the practical tradition: Paine,[1] Irving, Cooper, Willis, Simms, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes. But this is not because the mystic tradition flourishes at last in our land. It means the contrary. Our own age is so crowded with hierophants of the practical tradition—materialists, "realists," decorators, apologists of every kind of fragmentary view and every cult of blindness, that there is no need for those of a like mind to hark back to yellowed pages.

[1] There was a various fringe of thwarted mystics—of men who tried to live and work in this tradition or who unconsciously were moved by it, and who failed. For instance, among the writers: Hawthorne and Melville, possibly Lanier. And, of course, the religious sects: Shakers, Mormons, etc. . . .

[1] Paine wrote: "We have it in our power to begin the world over again. A situation similar to the present has not happened since the days of Noah. The birthday of a new world is at hand." Let his fine frenzy not deceive us. The shabbiest disciples of eighteenth-century rationalism were the quickest to borrow the vatic language of the Christian tradition. Paine had no creative values, a shallow sense of life and small imagination.

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Each age supplies its own "smart Hallecks." But the man of our day who feels America's destiny of birth—the seed within us of a nation whose selfhood shall be whole—will husband the few witnesses he finds. He will treasure Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, Poe.

This is not enough to keep them alive. A tradition lives, only when each succeeding generation recreates it. Each age of the hale Catholic Church, or of Judaism, athletically re-interpreted its Scripture: each age of England reëstablishes its Constitution. Such works as "Walden," "Leaves of Grass," "Eureka," "Moby Dick" are the text of an American tradition. What are we doing to bring it into the substance of our lives?

The practical tradition has its technique: we have studied it, in studying our Jungle and its cults of Power. Its passionate commentators fill our daily sheets: crowd the air and the movies, subtly bend the young to their own way by dating the American birth from Washington and Franklin, rather than from Columbus or Roger Williams. Of course, this tradition is not practical at all; for its goods are the creatures of disunion and disunion is disease.

We have these two traditions, and we must choose between them. We must choose at once; for while we stand at the turning, life forces the issue.

WALDO FRANK.

(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "Capturable America," will appear in our issue of August 15.)

Governor Smith's Dilemma

PLATFORMS apparently survive as vestigial organs in the political system. The current ones, at least, reveal no possible contemporary function. Indeed, it requires the most minute textual examination to discover differences; and one might consequently conclude, from them alone, that this might be an issueless campaign. Of the two, the Republican declaration handicaps its candidate least, because, for one thing, Republicans unitedly believe what it says. The whole tone of the convention which adopted it was precisely as colorless, as standpat, as full of unabashed determination to continue unregenerate, as the terms of its document represent it to have been. Yet who imagines that Mr. Hoover will proceed by the simple exposition of its text? If it did him little harm, it also did him no imaginable service.

The Democratic case is worse. The convention had certain overtones, and a subterranean chorus which the blandness of the platform merely hides. In fact, the party is on the verge of commitment to policies which its traditional spokesmen hate with a holy bitterness (as radio listeners can testify). Hardly a speaker during the deliberations failed to inveigh with quivering earnestness against the encroachments on personal liberty, the centralization, the governmental meddling which was attributed to the last administrations. Yet cheers rose at the naming of Wilson, and pride resided in the mention of his favorite extra-executive device—the federal commission. And for candidate, choice was centered upon the least tightly principled, most thoroughly experimental man in public life.

There was a pathetic inconsistency at Houston, a bewildered fumbling for meaning in what was obviously to the delegates a chaos of pressing issues, insoluble by the Jeffersonian formulæ. Yet that statesman's name must have been cheered a hundred times. What he stood for they could understand in a wishful way. This historic homesickness, this yearning backward toward a simplified and happier past, had power still to stir their minds—minds which, faced with present reality, could only turn away abashed, mumbling feebly the slogans of a departed age. That is why the platform is what it is. Caught between a deeply felt loyalty to Jeffersonianism and a necessity for facing present issues, the clear principles won, the inconsistent clamors of necessity were denied.

If a platform could defeat a candidate, Governor Smith would surely lose. He is under a dangerous compulsion to attempt the squaring of party principles with a winning program; and this involves fitting into the framework of *laissez-faire* the instruments of economic control. For it is the economic system which is destroying the liberties loved by all good Democrats. Literal Jeffersonianism would, in our century, establish a kind of liberty which must, in the end, destroy all liberty, just as Coolidge Republicanism tends to do. It is the Governor's task to make this delicate adjustment; and he must face it now as the representative of a divided party, half of whom distrust his motives and dissent from his aspirations, and whose local leaders are almost certain to work at cross purposes with him as the campaign develops.

If this task seems at first difficult, and made more so by an embarrassing platform, he must, nevertheless, essay it. For although the Houston platform represents a stupid muddle, the party somehow, knowing his record, found the wisdom to unite upon his person. Platform and candidate may offer a contrast as wide as that between the empty bombast of Southern oratory and the stringent compactness of Smithian speech, but if now the Governor shall discover an understanding that the liberties men want are not to be got through the instruments which once produced them, and if he can lead his Southern colleagues gently toward concentration on results rather than on principles, the handicaps with which his campaign begins may at least be minimized.

For the Governor has been the champion of those causes which count most for American betterment, his concern is ultimately with and for the toilers; and many folk the country through may penetrate to that clear spring of his strength. He is a genuine Democrat, and his personality clearly represents his attitudes. Unfortunately, Mr. Hoover's does not; it must suffer steadily from the ordeal by scrutiny now begun. Governor Smith's record, for political purposes, is perhaps no better than Mr. Hoover's; yet it is very good. His practical sense has led him as far as one man could dare, in New York, and against a hostile legislative majority, toward the arrangements best calculated to secure the general good. And he, too, has gone

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to the people before; Mr. Hoover never has. And when he has appealed, over the heads of the political middlemen, for popular support, he has always aroused a most astonishing response. This is an art he cannot have lost.

There are difficulties now, however, which he has never had before, and the worst of them is the platform. His appeals in New York have almost uniformly been for approval of policies which tended toward the control of threatening private powers, toward the enlarging of governmental functions, toward the concentrating of social authority. But if Jeffersonianism has an antithesis, this is it. And this is why the platform is so grievous a handicap. His expounding of its provisions must result in such implications of change as will effect a total denial of its principles. And this change and denial will need to be tender of Southern feelings, solicitous of the Jeffersonian tradition. Such an effort toward reconciliation might at last transform the Democratic party into a coherent instrument for the future; but it could only make more difficult the winning of an election. For the slim chance there is to win can be fattened only by alienating Republican votes in a campaign of conviction.

Mr. Bowers' key-note speech, so far as it was anything but vapid eloquence, had two recurring themes: "turn the rascals out," and "return to the ways of the party fathers." One will not carry far in these sophisticated times; and the other is dangerous nonsense. The Governor's task is not that of convicting Mr. Hoover of consent to corruption, but of a will to do as little as Jefferson would have approved in the way of governmental interference for the preservation of real popular rights. Mr. Bowers and the Southern Democrats have presented their candidate with an honor as empty as they could make it.

They were not ill-meaning. They were merely confused: torn between their beliefs and their desire to win. The platform represents one; Governor Smith the other. All this has now to be accepted. It is done and over with. The present question is how to escape the dilemma in which the party has involved its candidate. The most practical, as well as the most congenial, escape for the Governor would seem to lie in avoiding the general and wooing the specific. Deny the platform he must, but it can be done by easy implication, and he can avoid denying himself as well. Already he has come dangerously close to verbal affirmation of something to which his every subsequent action must give the lie. It would be far better to proceed to the overhauling of spheres of governmental action, likely to be dominant in this campaign, not from the premise that all federal action is initially suspect, but from the view that federal powers offer the only solution for numerous problems: power, coal, unemployment, poverty, labor conditions, farm relief, taxation, credit control, recurring depressions, unstable currency. Prattle about states' rights best reveals its infantility in this sphere. But, given Mr. Bowers' effusion, and the platform as it is, it will be necessary now to present these as exceptions to a general rule that local powers ought to have full scope in those instances in which they offer hope of liberty and peace. Prohibition can consistently be cited as one of these. But here again there is a danger that a really correct and courageous stand on this issue may be enlarged, for consistency's sake, into a general preachment of states' rights. And what use, then, to mention power, coal, poverty, finance or any other issue sufficiently positive to win real votes? It would be tragic if so minor a problem should involve commitment to a vulnerable stand on all-important ones.

The harm done to the Governor's candidacy by the key-note speech and the platform, between them, must be said to be serious but not irremediable; the pragmatic temper of his mind may, just possibly, set things right enough to hold his party together even in the aggressive fight he knows only too well he must conduct. Silence brought him the nomination; but things are different now, and he must talk. The gravest chance exists, of course, that, having a mind which functions best in specific argumentation, he will fail to understand his present danger. This would present his opponents with an excellent opening for attack. They could then point out the fundamental confusion and inconsistency of the whole Democratic outfit. And richly would it be deserved. The Governor's one chance to win lies in the possibility of aggression, of setting out an intelligible and desirable program and convicting Mr. Hoover of opposition to it; it seems deplorable that any part of his energy has to be used in reconciliation within his party; but it would be a disastrous absurdity if he should use it at once to attack and defend the Jeffersonian doctrine, so cancelling his own efforts, and convicting himself of unintelligence.

R. G. TUGWELL.

World without End

Or say that in the middle comes a music
Suddenly out of silence, and delight
Brings all that chaos to one mood of wonder;
A seed of fire, fallen in a tinder world;
And instantly the whirling darkness fills
With conflagration; upspoutings of delirium;
Cracklings and seethings; the melting rocks, the bursts
Of flame smoke-stifled, twisting smoke-inwreathed;
Magnificence; the whole dark gorged with light;
And then a silence, as the world falls back
Consumed, devoured, its giant corolla shrivelled;
And in the waning light, the pistil glowing,
Glowing and fading; and on that shrunken stage—

Whisper it, how among the whispering ashes
Her pale bright beauty comes, the moon's dark daughter,
Lighting those ruins with her radiant madness;
How swiftly glides, and stoops, with what light steps
Touches the dead face of that desert, comes
Nearer, bending her head, her divine eyes
Bright with the brightness of the ineffable;
Seeking, and finding not; smiling at nothing,
Blessing the emptiness; her angelic face
Hopeful at first, then hopeless, and at last
Weeping; so standing, while her slow tears fall;
And the long silence begins, the silence that was
And is and will be; creeps round her; rises coldly;
And all is still: the world, her heart, and she.

CONRAD AIKEN.

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Washington Notes

PERHAPS it could not well be helped, but it does seem to me that Herbert has succeeded in assembling around him for the purposes of the campaign some of the most irritating, repellent and utterly impossible people, men and women, in the known world. For those who recognized the practical necessities of a pre-convention fight, it was easy to forgive him for dealing with certain shady people while trying to land his contract. But now that it has been signed, sealed and delivered, and he is in the lead instead of the rear of his forces, why does not that co-ordinating mind of his, of which so much has been said, tell him to discard both the dumb and the shady and build his dam along proper engineering lines with a set of instruments upon whose temper and sharpness he can confidently count?

But away he has gone now with the lovely Lou Henry and one of the finest assortments of vaseline authors, artists, editors and reporters collected around any candidate in a long time. All he needs to make it perfect and complete is the presence of the shrinking Mr. Richard Washburn Child, whose oleaginous qualities were so admirably demonstrated in the service of the impeccable Calvin, and the inimitable Rogers, who, so far as I have heard, has not yet paid that little bet he made with Brother Hearst —or was it Brother Brisbane?—on the Coolidge renomination. But that is a detail. Herbert, after stopping on the way to see Calvin, is now on the west coast, where, by the way, the things the Los Angeles Times is saying about his little Pacific playmate, Hiram Johnson, threaten to poison the whole Southern California air, cause the sunflowers to shrivel and blister the bark off the redwood trees. The mildest thing they call Hiram in the Times is "this double-crosser." They start with that and then gradually get abusive. By the time this piece is printed Herbert may have modified the bellicose Chandler and then again he may not. He may not even try. If he really has the sort of judgment with which he is credited, he won't.

In the meantime, he certainly has left a most remarkable set-up back here in Washington, to which city he will shortly return. The amazing thing is that with really devoted friends such as the Hon. and open-faced William J. Donovan, who is both able and attractive, the Hon. Mills who is able and rich and the Hon. Slemp who is agile, alert, useful and ingratiating to an extraordinary degree, Herbert should not push these and one or two others to the front of his organization and keep the Boll Weevils in the background. Instead they are in the background and the Boll Weevils are apparently running the show. Even as Boll Weevils they do not grade very high. In a long and weary lifetime I do not recall a poorer lot. Particularly the Publicity Department. As no Boll Weevil ever believes he is a Boll Weevil and this is no summer for a libel suit, I do not propose to mention names, but take it from me that this array of writing gentry, both on and off the pay-roll, gathered together at and around Hoover headquarters, includes some of the most futile and useless specimens anywhere to be found.

Hoover's party is, of course, more or less fool-proof. Four times out of five it wins, although not in my time has it had an efficient chairman who conducted an intelligent campaign. I had hopes that after he got his contract, Herbert, the Efficiency Marvel, would show us something new in campaigns, create a new type of organization with a different breed of men all through. But like all my dreams, this too was a delusion. So far as campaigning is concerned, Herbert is apparently just an old-fashioned fellow who is going to be as conventional as all his predecessors, depending upon the normal advantages to put him over. What initiative, enterprise, originality and color there is in this campaign will be shown on the other side. There they have at least put their smart boys—and girls —to the front, made the dumb-bells walk the plank. It is true, when you call the roll of the new Democratic management—Raskob, Proskauer, Lehman, Olvany, Moskowitz—it has a horrid, rasping sound to Anglo-Saxon ears and is by no means soothing to the savage breasts of the old-line Democrats of the South. None the less they step lively—these Raskobs and Moskowitzes—and they do not trample and jostle each other in the bumble-puppy fashion which has become more or less chronic with the Works, Moseses, Allens, Goods, Browns and the rest of the Nordic managers of the Hoover machine.

I hate to be picking on Herbert so early in the game, because I really like him. Moreover, I think if and when he gets in the White House, the liberal tendencies he will there develop will more than justify the apprehensions concerning his nomination felt by persons like Mr. Wallace Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and one or two of the Morgan partners who feel ordained by God to run the country. It is also my belief that shortly after he gets in—if and when he does—that depressing-looking private secretary of Mr. Mellon's will purchase the old gentleman a one-way ticket to Pittsburgh over Mr. Atterbury's road, and we shall be relieved here in Washington of the oppressive presence of so much wealth, the chief effect of which in the past seven years has been to increase inordinately the Washington flock of fawners and flatterers, until now their name is legion and their work is extremely crude. Also I can patiently, and without pain, bear the thought of the inevitable passing of John Marshall of West Virginia, the genial young Assistant Attorney General who was so earnest in his advocacy of "Goff for President."

All this would be to the good. Still, there are times when I actually shudder at what may—and probably will —come in with Herbert—if and when he comes. Aside from the before-mentioned Boll Weevils of his organization, it cannot be denied that Herbert has accumulated some close friends not easy to contemplate with any more power, prestige and position than they now have. There is, for example, Lenroot. I hate to think of Lenroot looming up as a real figure in the next administration. It rasped me when he showed up at Kansas City as Hoover counsel in the contests, and it was not pleasant to read of him last week greeting Herbert and Lou Henry in the West, taking them under his wing when they entered Wisconsin. It seems so completely unnecessary to let this square-headed lobbyist of the public utility interests be so confoundedly conspicuous.

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Perhaps I am becoming old and bitter, but there is another friend of Herbert's—this time a lady—who gets a little on my nerves, of whom I can stand a little less reading and hearing about, of whom I fear I am going to have to stand more. Of course, I mean the virtuous and talented Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General, of whom it is so frequently said that she holds "the highest public office of any woman in the country," and who wants, I am told, to be a judge—I do hope in California. One of my objections to Mrs. Willebrandt is that she is too angelic. Another is that she is too unanimous—if you know what that means. Another is that she is getting a trifle over-advertised for her political height and weight. This is a danger hard for any politician to realize about himself—particularly hard for the female of the species—with their shining eyes on the high places and their more or less handsome heads in the clouds. Friends of Mrs. Ruth Hanna Joan of Arc McCormick ought not to let her forget it either.

Washington. T. R. B.

Dude Ranch: II

Old Eagle

IT is easy to see why Mrs. Morton likes to come to this ranch. She is a tall blonde woman, made up, as Texas ladies sometimes are, with a fiery abandonment that leaves two brick-red round spots on each cheek and on the lips a red-orange that proclaims the brilliance of the light they shall be seen by. The method in general is that of the rock-painting in prehistoric caves. Her father was a ranchman's lawyer, full of tales of title disputes and surveying wrangles, garrulous with old ranch stories of hunters, horses, money and raids, more talkative than the ranchmen themselves, and as rich in yarns. Her husband was a ranchman in a modest way, some forty thousand acres, in a country where you allowed twenty acres for one head's grazing to the herd. He fell in the Argonne and afterwards Mrs. Morton sold the land and went into stocks and bonds, to verify her splendid gift for business and to justify the family refrain about the pity it was she had not been born a man.

Mrs. Morton likes this Gallagher Ranch because the old blockhouse of gray limestone goes back more than a hundred years and was once the best built defense in the country roundabouts—the loop-holes for the fighting are still to be seen. She likes this place, too, because there is always the sight of the horses, and because it brings to her a hint of the life that, being born a woman as she is, has been denied her. It is a curious interest, putting all this together, the family and the tradition behind her, the restless force like a man's within her, to find what is her favorite possession in this world.

She has been telling me about her grandfather's horse in the Civil War.

This grandfather was an officer in General Hood's cavalry and distinguished himself for his gallant riding. He had a horse that he called Old Eagle and rode into every charge. On one occasion there was a rout and he had to cross a ditch. He looked at the ditch and saw how wide it was, and saw his men on the other side looking at him—nobody thought he could make it. Then he said to himself he'd be killed or taken anyhow, so he might as well try the leap. He gave his horse the spur and a pat on the neck, and the astonished men saw Old Eagle bring him across. They could not believe their eyes.

All Mrs. Morton's childhood, Old Eagle's tail was hanging in the parlor. When the horse had died her grandfather had cut off the tail and bound the stump with green silk. In the will the tail was left to his daughter's eldest child, and so ever since her grandfather's death she had had it. What with time and moths it had worn down to nothing, almost, less than a foot long it was, she said, an old gray plaited thing; but she had written it in her will to her eldest child. It had been in her parlor these dozen years, but the other day she thought it ought not to be knocking around any longer. She would put it in the bank. She found a box for it with a glass top.

On her way to the bank she met old Major Peterson, who had been in her grandfather's command, but for ages had lived in New York, where he had made so much money that he spent his winters these days in San Antonio.

"Good morning," she said. "I'm on my way to the bank. Do you know what this is?"

He looked through the glass top of the box.

"If it's not Old Eagle's tail!" he said.

Buried Treasure

Everyone knows that O. Henry, for some sort of irregularity with the funds of the bank he worked in, had to serve two years of penitentiary. I myself knew a man once whose desk was next to O. Henry's and who saw the thing happen. But Mrs. Morton tells me that there were three things that left O. Henry wanting more money than he was earning. His wife was an invalid and he had her bills to pay; he was a great poker player; he was digging for buried treasure down by Shoal Creek in Austin, and in other places, perhaps, where it was said to be.

Whether this about O. Henry and his search for treasure is true or not, I have no idea, but I do know that all over Texas there are these tales of gold buried, of hidden silver, of rich mines now lost, of ghosts that guard old mysteries, of owners who have returned to their secret spots, of charts and maps handed down in Mexico and Texas from father to son, by which recoveries may be assured. It is the legend of El Dorado, the golden country, spread out from Spain and Elizabethan England into this new world, and everywhere in this distant Texas applied to local gods and places. In the earliest days these stories began, and they have been believed by Spanish, Mexicans and then Americans alike. The amount of searching and digging has been immense, and there have been more or less finds and stories of finds; and many signs and markings, writings on rocks, copper plates and other keys, have been discovered.

There are the "Rock Pens" that have attracted so many seekers, and that are written down in the "way bill" that

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Daniel Dunham wrote on his deathbed in Austin in 1873. He gives the exact directions to the spot where thirty-one mule-loads of silver bullion, together with images and precious articles from some plundered church, have been hidden. There is Santa-Anna's chest filled with gold that fell into the highwater of the Nueces and was left there in his flight. There are the San Caja mountains; the line of Spanish forts in Southwestern Texas—Point Isabel, El Fortin, Ramirez, Planticlan, Petronita and Las Animas—all with their stories of riches hastily buried and left behind. There are the fabulous stores hidden on the battlefields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; there is Galveston Island, where Lafitte had his stronghold after the War of 1812; the cursed gold of the Indians somewhere in the Santa-Anna mountains, and the cannon rammed with treasure that lie in the lake at Carizzo Springs, in La Vaca County, and in the Refugio country, and here and there over Texas.

Of these and others like them, and those of the avenging ghosts in Milam County and Thorndale, and the ghost of Moro at Victoria, and the hundred other treasure legends in this country, there are two that lead.

One of these has fact enough to it and turns on an instance of crazy pioneer whim. This is the "Lost Sublett Mine." Old Ben Sublett, after twenty-four years of famished and ragged hunting, found it in the Guadalupe Mountains, but would never tell where it was. He said he was going to carry the secret to the other world, so that for years people would talk about the rich gold mine that old man Sublett found. He took one friend with him, but the friend went on a spree with the new gold, he forgot the way back to the mine, and Sublett would not tell him. Old Sublett took his young son with him and his son is living yet, a rich man in Roswell, New Mexico; he has tried to find, but never found, his way back to the mine. The gold old Sublett used to bring home with him on these trips he made was so pure that the town jeweler could hammer it into sheets.

The other great story is the Bowie Mine, in the legend so called after the hero of the Alamo, but really the San Saba. This mine appears here and there in Spanish chronicles from early in the seventeenth century onwards, a veritable hill of silver it was said to be. Hundreds of men of all kinds have hunted for it, but the brightest name among them is Bowie. Every year the Lipan Indians used to come with their chief, Xolic, to San Antonio to trade off silver, fine silver with gold in it, a moderate quantity each year, for their wants were simple. They had a tribal oath about their treasure, which was supposed to be taken from a hidden source, the store from some rich mine the Spaniards had worked. Bowie made himself a friend of the Lipans, lived with them, fought in their battles, and, some say, married the chief's daughter. They made him their brother at last and showed him the treasure, which so astounded him by its amount that he lost his head, speedily deserted the Lipans, returned to San Antonio, organized a band, and fought the Lipans at Calf Creek in November, 1831, but got no further with his expedition. Then the war for Texas independence came on and Bowie fell in the Alamo, taking with him to the grave his secret.

STARK YOUNG.

A Dream of Death

I DREAMED that I had been sentenced to die in the electric chair. The execution was to be that very morning; the hour was set for half-past twelve.

It was then about ten o'clock. As happens in a dream, I had no memory of how I had spent my last night on earth, nor even of whether I had eaten the traditional hearty breakfast. As for the crime I had presumably committed, and the anxieties of the imprisonment and trial through which I must have passed, no echo of them reached my mind. I do not remember having any sense of guilt, or remorse; my entire feeling was focused on the present. I had, or thought I had, no glimmer of hope left; my one purpose was to get through the little remaining time as decently as possible.

The prison in which I found myself seemed to be fairly modern, and to judge by the treatment I received, must have been controlled by a humane warden. Instead of being committed to a solitary cell, I was allowed, for this last morning, the freedom of a large common-room. The room was simply and barely furnished with benches and a few tables. The windows, which ran along two sides, were ten feet or more from the floor, and were heavily screened, but apparently not barred. Over one door hung a loud clock, of the kind usually seen in school-rooms and railway stations.

I was told that if I wanted any last favor, within reason, it would be granted me. I asked to be allowed to walk for half an hour through the streets near the prison. (I knew somehow that the prison was in a city.) This was evidently not an unusual request, and no objections were raised. I left the prison, under guard.

It was a dull, overcast day, and the vicinity of the prison would not have been beautiful in any weather. The cobble-stoned streets ran between high blank warehouses and empty factories. There were few people on the streets, it was perhaps a holiday, and no one paid any attention to me. But these drab pavements seemed as vivid and rich and as swarming with fascinating sights as if I had been just cured of blindness. When a street-car, half-full of passengers, went by, clattering and swaying over the uneven rails, with its load of dirty, tired-looking and listless people, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful or so full of life. It was one of the poorer districts: I saw no one who looked prosperous or carefree; but all these people, and even the buildings, were in a world separated from mine; and knowing that their world was not condemned, and would continue to exist after half-past twelve, I envied them as I had never envied anyone. I looked hard at everything, hating to miss my last sight of anything at all. But I was soon tired, and was not sorry when the half-hour was up, and we had to return to the prison.

I was again ushered into the bare common-room, and found a friend waiting there. He had come to sit with me until the execution. He was not an intimate friend, and had come, as I well knew, largely to please a sense of duty, but I was grateful for his company. Somehow I knew that whatever it was I had done, or was supposed to have done, had cut me off completely from my family and friends. And yet I felt no very keen pangs at this, for, as I have

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said, my whole feeling was concentrated on the present moment. My family and friends, like the people I had seen on the street, were all foreigners to me now. I was the only alien in the world. The presence of this friend, I thought, would help to keep me from realizing too well my isolation. We both tacitly pretended that this was nothing but a friendly visit, and we sat and smoked cigarettes, talking of various old acquaintances whom we had not seen for some time, and wondering what had become of them, and what they were doing now.

As we talked, I felt excited, but not unpleasantly so. It was as if we were waiting for some great event in my life—as if, when the time came and I passed through that door under the clock (I somehow knew that was the door), I was merely to be put to some kind of test, some keen trial of strength or wits in which I might hope to do well. Our situation did not seem very different from that of a bridegroom and his best man just before the wedding, waiting in the sacristy. But although we talked easily enough, at first, I was always conscious that we were waiting, and I wished that what we were waiting for would come. As my restlessness increased, the time dragged. I smoked cigarette after cigarette, and finally got up and began to walk about. My friend glanced at me, but without surprise, and tried to keep up the conversation, and keep it irrelevant and neutral. But the pauses grew longer and longer. Now and then I stole a look at the clock, which seemed to stand still, though I could always hear its loud ticking.

Neither of us had spoken for some time. I soon forgot my friend, and began to think only of this exciting event that was so soon to take place. How would I act? Would I get through all right? Would I behave myself decently? I swore to myself that I would; that I would keep this terrible disquiet shut up tight within me, and not allow anyone to see what a tumult I was really in. So far, I thought, I had managed to appear fairly cool. My hands shook a little when I lit a cigarette, but it was probably not noticeable. It was simply a question of keeping it up. But, my God, I wished the time would not drag so. Luckily I didn't care very much for this friend. It might have been harder to keep on pretending to be calm, with someone there whom I really loved. I was walking about the room, smoking, without actually taking in what I saw, when my eyes fell on the clock. The hands pointed to seven minutes past twelve! Twenty-three minutes to go. As I looked, the minute-hand seemed to crawl forward perceptibly. Time, that I had wished would move, was suddenly beginning to race.

Sweat crept out all over me. I was going to die, then. I knew that until now I had hoped, because at this instant, I thought, hope had finally left me. But I could feel it still, like some small frantic animal desperately struggling inside me, and I knew it would not die until I was dead. I saw what a silly game I had been pretending to play. This crazy resolution I had been trying to steel myself in, a moment ago, to make a decent end, to die bravely—it had nothing to do with the real situation. I hadn't the slightest willingness to die, bravely or any way. How could I pretend that it was a little thing, or even if it was not a little thing, how could I go through with the gesture expected of me, when the only feeling I had was this frantic demand within me to go on living? A brave death suddenly revealed itself as the most horribly ridiculous convention man had ever devised. But the habit of convention was still with me—there were nineteen minutes to go—and I strained to keep a grip on myself. If I once allowed myself to realize, if I let myself listen to this whispering, I would go to pieces.

I must die, for no reason that I could see—for no conceivable reason. No matter what I had done, I had not deserved this. I would never submit to be killed. But that was exactly what I had to do. To die calmly, and pretend I didn't care. They would kill me, but I could never submit. I must be brave. To be brave, I had to choose death. But I could never agree to die. I couldn't do it. But I must do it.

Fifteen minutes to go. Whenever I looked at the clock now, it had leaped ahead. I could see the minute-hand jerk forward, once, twice, in little jumps. Only a few minutes left. I looked away with an effort. It would get worse, I knew, from now on. The supreme test would be when they took me into the death-chamber. If I could hang on till then, pretending, pretending, carefully building up my pretence that I was only acting a part, then perhaps it would be all right. But it was getting harder and harder to pretend, every second.

It flashed into my mind that perhaps it would not be left to me to decide how I would act, at the end. This terrible animal demand would perhaps get so strong that it would decide for me; it would perhaps take possession of my body completely. I gritted my teeth and whispered to myself that I would decide.

It was at this moment, when there were still some ten minutes to go before I was to be strapped into the electric chair, that I woke up. My first sensation was one of the most blessed deliverance, followed immediately by an uneasy feeling that perhaps I was still dreaming, and would soon have to die, after all. When I was wide awake, however, and knew that I was safe, at home and in bed, my chagrin was almost as keen that I had not walked on into the final scene. Would I have "taken it like a man"? Or would I—? My dread was still too strong for my curiosity, and I could not be sure. I would never know. But of one thing I was sure: whether I had died with a still face or whether I had screamed and struggled so that the men who held me down and strapped me in were ashamed of our common humanity, I knew that my last throes had been gulped up with the morning coffee by millions of my fellow beings who do not ordinarily pass as cannibals.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Philosophy of John Dewey

SIR: It is presumptuous for me to undertake to defend Dewey against the analysis of his thought made by your Mr. Waldo Frank. But having read Mr. Frank's criticism I shall be in unstable equilibrium until I express by overt act my fundamental dissent from that criticism.

Mr. Frank's reasons for insisting on John Dewey's failure to measure up to the qualities of leadership boil down to the charge

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that Dewey lacks "the imagination of the whole." Dewey succeeds as an educator, Mr. Frank says, because, in addition to understanding the values in the life of the child and the technique of the process of education, Dewey has "organic vision"; "he sees the child as an adumbrating whole." But as a leader out of chaos *for adults,* Dewey fails because "he cannot see man whole, because he fails to find the nucleus of focus, of organization, of timeless subject value, and of transformation, within the self."

As partial evidence, Mr. Frank summons several items:

(1) That, when Dewey writes of creative art, "he does not allow for the forming impulse."

(2) That, when Dewey proceeds to analyze the self "into objective components, he makes no place for the indispensable nucleus that composes—the focus of construction: he establishes no abiding center" somewhere within the self. He leaves the self, this criticism implies, a *mere* series of objective components.

(3) That Dewey, in refusing to hierarchize his truths and values but insisting, rather, in thinking of them as terms in a temporal series, reveals his inability to see the form behind all this substance—reveals that he is dominated by the flux he describes, so that "his values of resistance whirl in the flow they are designed to master."

(4) That Dewey, in stressing the precariousness of life, again is evidencing his lacking this sense of the whole—a lack which causes him to ignore "the immediate certainty which the organic sense of the whole brings to the precarious flux," rendering the precarious no longer precarious.

For me to attempt to summon evidence to prove that Dewey does possess this sense of the whole is impossible—the possession of such an insight can be proved only by a reading of the thinker in question; even if I should cull hundreds of significant passages, I could not thus establish that the thinker discussed is imbued with this sense of the whole so that it determines and dominates his thought, which is what Mr. Frank would justly insist be proved. It is to me an amazing fact that so careful a reader of Mr. Dewey's volumes as Mr. Frank obviously is, can now criticize Dewey as lacking in this sense of the whole. Do not "Human Nature and Conduct" and the essays collected in "The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy" reveal the same imaginative insight into the adumbrating whole of man that "Democracy and Education" and "The School and Society" reveal about the child?

To turn to Mr. Frank's evidence: all I can do with his first point is flatly deny its accuracy and refer him to the chapter on "Experience, Nature and Art" in "Experience and Nature." With reference to the absence of a nucleus that composes, in Dewey's analytic dismemberment of the self: Dewey insists on regarding the self as "historic, intermediate, temporarily relative and instrumental" instead of as "original, eternal and absolute" ("Experience and Nature," p. 225). There is, then, no *fixed* composing nucleus in the self, but rather a constantly altering ever-growing self which is both subject to experiences and capable of subjecting things to its need of further experiencing. He speaks of "the constancy and pervasiveness of the operative presence of the self as a determining factor in all situations" (*op. cit.,* p. 246). "Science," Dewey says, "is incomplete and the use made of it is at the mercy of an unknown factor" so long as we refuse to recognize the self as "the tool of tools, the means in all use of means"; so long as we refuse to recognize the *centrality* of the self. Hence it is quite clear that Dewey quite adequately visions the synthetic unity of the self, but he is recalling us to the empirical fact that the self is not a constant but a variable, a variable which can grow and expand. We need not fear to have the self described as constantly shifting and growing, as long as our need for wholeness is satisfied by having the existence of this central core (though a shifting one) postulated. Let Mr. Frank reread the chapter on "The Subject" in "Experience and Nature."

As to Dewey's refusal to hierarchize his values, either Mr. Frank or I completely misreads Dewey here. Mr. Frank condemns Dewey for insisting that "immediately nothing is better or worse than anything else; it is just what it is." Mr. Frank labels this sentence evidence of Dewey's inability "to think except in a temporal series." Mr. Frank then goes on to say that values can be hierarchized thus: "the immediate *this* can hence be hierarchized in value according to its function in the whole." Well, the whole difficulty lies in the fact that when you speak of values in terms of their functions in the whole you are no longer speaking of them in their *immediate* character. True, values can be hierarchized when viewed in terms of their function, and that man does inveterately so hierarchize them is the burden of many pages in Dewey, but *immediately,* i. e., taken in their *prima facie* empirical character, values are not *in nature* hierarchically arranged, but are mere units in a temporal sequence. "To Mr. Dewey, the religious sense must be set as a sense, on terms of precise equality with a sense of heat," complains Mr. Frank. Overlooking as irrelevant to our present purpose the fact that the religious "sense" is not a sense in the same meaning of that word as heat is a sense at all, suppose Dewey considers these as on a par as senses. He is doing so merely while viewing them *as in existence,* as empirically, denotatively *there.* When he views these two senses, however, in terms of their function in the whole, then he does hierarchize them, and gives higher value to that sense which serves the function of the whole better. This enables him to value the sense of heat *above* the sense of religion whenever empirically it better serves the function of the whole. (As where one is in danger of burning a finger—the presence of a sense of heat to warn of the danger is *at such time* of greater value than presence of a religious sense which cannot avail to serve as sentry to the self in that situation.) This is a feat which Mr. Frank leaves himself unable to perform by failing to view all values, first, as empirically on a par in a temporal series, and only later in specific situations in terms of function. That values are not to be permanently and *fixedly* hierarchized, that events in nature are neutral and become a value only when humanly taken as such and treasured as an end, is a thought which Dewey has been a leader in establishing, and is last of the thoughts which should now be cried against him.

Nor does Dewey fail to see the immediate certainty which the organic sense of the whole brings to the immediate flux. Dewey emphasizes the existence of the precarious but certainly not to the exclusion of the stable. That empirically some events are precarious and others stable he insists upon as a fact of existence. And it is the function of intelligence to seize upon the conjunctions between the precarious and the stable, to gain greater control over objects existentially precarious, so as "to turn contingency to account and add greater control to life itself" ("Experience and Nature," p. 70). Dewey's emphasis upon the contingent, the precarious, does not reveal a failure to see the feeling of certainty which life gives through a sense of organic wholeness; it is an emphasis due rather to the fact that in the history of philosophy the fact of precarious existences has either been denied or perverted. As witness Greek and medieval thought.

Personally, I find the writings of Dewey not only shot through with insight into details, but lit up with a majestic vision of the possibility for a noble end and destiny for man, if he will but learn the lesson of the scientific method and attitude. Santayana says somewhere that the world is headed toward "an atheistic international democracy." Mr. Frank is attempting to reveal America's place and contribution to this world trend. One of his motives must be the belief that a re-discovery by America of her inner nature and trends will help her more consciously take her place as a force in this forward progress. And nowhere as well as in the work of John Dewey has this new world been limned with finer insight and greater genius of vision. It is blindness to deny this vision to him. It is toward this goal of a newer and richer world that Dewey is a leader—the outstanding leader of contemporary thought.

PHILIP M. GLICK.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Mr. Glick has with great care added to what I have already said about the values in Mr. Dewey. I cannot find that he has distinguished between the possession of values, including those of the imagination and of wholeness, and the possession of an organic experience of the Whole.

WALDO FRANK.

New York City.

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Two New Apologies

Fateful Years, 1909-1916. Reminiscences of Serge Sazonov. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 328 pages. $3.50.

Au Service de la France. Neuf Anneés de Souvenirs. Volume IV. L'Union Sacrée, 1914, by Raymond Poincaré. Paris: Librairie Plon, 551 pages.

SERGE SAZONOV, who filled the position of Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1910 to 1916 in succession to Alexander Izvolski, died less than a year ago. During the eventful period following the Treaty of Versailles, while historians were engaged upon the important work of reconsidering the origins of the catastrophe and attempting to assess responsibility for the disaster of 1914, he made no effort to follow the example of other diplomats and statesmen and write in his own defense. So far as the reviewer knows, he published nothing in connection with the War except the introduction to the English edition of Baron Schilling's important diary of events in July, 1914. The present volume of reminiscences appeared only just before his death, and consequently his reputation will depend largely on the measure of success with which in this book he has explained and justified his policy.

It should be said at the outset that the Russian statesman has not attempted a systematic account of Russian diplomacy in the six years during which he was in control of the Foreign Office. It is quite clear that he had no documents at his disposal and that it was quite impossible for him to do more than discuss events in a broad way, setting forth the considerations which influenced him and determined his more important decisions. In other words, Sazonov's memoirs are in many respects comparable to Lord Grey's "Twenty-Five Years." They constitute a sort of character study by the man himself, and this is certainly of greater value than another re-hash of the documents could possibly be. The book is full of interesting remarks and subtle references which can only be appreciated by those who are already well read in the literature of war origins, but which are of great interest if taken together with information which we already possess. To catalogue these would be a tedious undertaking and would not give a fair idea of the general theme. Perhaps the most profitable procedure will be to concentrate on the more important aspects and to restrict the discussion to a consideration of Russian policy in the Near East, which, after all, was the cradle of the World War.

Sazonov still insists that Izvolski's conversations with Aehrenthal at Buchlau in 1908 were of a strictly general nature and did not involve Russian consent to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Austrian attitude was unpardonable and gave rise to profound distrust in Russian official circles, a distrust which had direct and potent influence on the origins of the War. Sazonov was certainly as deeply imbued with this suspicion as were Izvolski and other Russian diplomats. He would never believe that any good could come from Vienna. But he also makes it clear that Russian apprehension was due less to solicitude for the Balkan states themselves than to fear that Russia's position in the Near East would be eclipsed. The Balkan states, he says, could not be allowed to fall under the influence of powers hostile to Russia. Hence the *impasse* in which Sazonov found himself at the time of the Balkan Wars. Hartwig, who had been encouraging the Serbs on his own initiative, and who is sharply criticized by Sazonov for his self-will, practically confronted the Foreign Minister with the necessity of supporting the aggressive designs of Serbia and Bulgaria, or abdicating Russia's position entirely. Sazonov tried to stem the tide, and hoped to be able to impose a veto on any steps not in accord with Russia's interests, but he admits that the guarantees he had taken were inadequate. He had his hands full in preventing the direct intervention of Russia, which the militarists were clamoring for, and was quite unable to avert the clash between Serbia and Bulgaria in the Second Balkan War. It is quite clear from his memoirs that he regarded the Serb policy as dangerous, and he admits that Ferdinand of Bulgaria showed a greater disposition to accept Russian mediation than did Peter of Serbia. The Serbs would undoubtedly have attacked the Bulgarians if the latter had not relieved them of the odium of aggression by having foolishly attacked first. The one thing that Sazonov could not pardon Ferdinand was that he was acting at the instigation of the Austrians. Not that Sazonov has definite proof that this was so, but he says he was morally certain of it. It was the old suspicion of Austrian designs, the old fear that one of the Balkan states, and a most important one at that, was falling under the influence of the Central Powers.

But a Bulgaria acting in accord with Austria was a direct menace to Russian interests, and fear of this constellation led Sazonov to back the Serbs to the hilt in 1914, after he had devoted his unflagging efforts to seducing Rumania from her allegiance to the Triple Alliance. What he has to say on the latter subject is of great interest, though it is clear from the recollections of the Rumanian minister to St. Petersburg, M. Diamandy, that the Constantza interview of June, 1914, was not as innocent as Sazonov would have us believe. According to Diamandy, Sazonov on that occasion spoke as though war were practically certain, yet this was before the assassination of the Archduke! But why was the defection of Bulgaria of prime importance to Russia? Was it because, as Sazonov says, Ferdinand hoped to put the Byzantine crown upon his own head? Probably not, for the danger of this was not acute if one considers the international aspects of the problem of Constantinople and the Ottoman Empire in Europe. It was rather because the adherence of Bulgaria to the Central Powers would have furthered the Austrian advance to Saloniki and consequently the German march to the East. But, says Sazonov, "the ultimate aim of Russian policy was to obtain free access to the Mediterranean and to be in a position to defend her Black Sea coasts against the constant threat of the irruption of hostile naval forces through the Bosphorus." "Russian statesmen, and, indeed, all educated Russians, had long been convinced that the future of Russia depended upon the solution of that problem." "I had realized long before [1914] that the historical development of the Russian state could only reach its final stage when we obtained the control of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, which are the gates created by Nature herself. . . ." This is plain speaking, and it goes a long way to illuminate the Russian attitude in the famous Liman von Sanders incident. Sazonov cannot avoid reference to the Council of February, 1914, summoned to consider this problem. He insists, however, that "it was called solely with the idea of defending the vital interests of Russia and had no aggressive purposes whatever." And yet he admits that "we knew that this fundamental and age-long problem of the Russian foreign policy could only be settled in connection with a European War." Putting it all together, there is no need for

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further discussion of the events of July, 1914. Sazonov has not much to say on the subject, but he makes it clear that for him it was simply the culmination of an Austrian plot backed by Germany. He quotes a few isolated remarks from the Kautsky documents to prove his point, but the important thing that appears from these memoirs is that Sazonov had no hope of peace. He put no stock in Austrian assurances to respect the sovereign rights of Serbia, he does not believe that Germany attempted to restrain Austria, he never treated the direct conversations with Vienna in more than a perfunctory manner. Not only that; he insists that the Austrian order for general mobilization was signed on July 28, he interpreted the German warnings of July 29 as practically a declaration of war, and he believes that the *Lokalanzeiger* episode of July 30 was a maneuver of the German government. It had obviously become time to act, and Sazonov wholeheartedly supported the military men in the demand for general mobilization. His account of his conference with the Tsar on the afternoon of July 30, when the reluctant Nicholas was at last brought into line, is perhaps the most interesting passage in the volume. Convinced that the Austrians, supported by the Germans, were determined to cut out the Russians in the Near East, Sazonov did nothing to avert the catastrophe, but backed the Serbs to the limit and allowed things to take their course.

Of M. Poincaré's latest volume comparatively little need be said. Historians of war origins will have to read over five hundred more pages and will get very little for their pains. The most interesting thing about the volume is the technique, which can be recommended to other pre-war statesmen who are contemplating publication. France, says M. Poincaré, was so pacific that she could not believe in the *arrière-pensées* of anyone else, but with beautiful candor was always attributing to others her own virtues. This gives the key to the whole book. The author can no longer uphold the statements which he made in his "Origins of the War," published in 1921, and yet he cannot be expected to make out a case against himself or his country. His purpose, indeed, is to reply to the numerous telling criticisms which have been levelled against him, in many instances by his own countrymen. What he does, then, is to veil his account with a thick layer of verbiage and to throw into lurid contrast his own innocent occupations and the villainous doings of the Austrians and Germans. This is easy enough if one approaches the Austrian case with an absolute denial of the complicity of the Serb government in the Sarajevo murders and almost complete reticence in respect to the machinations of the Serbs in the period prior to 1914. It is almost as easy if one relies for the statement of the German position on a few selected marginalia of the Kaiser or upon scraps from the German documents, judiciously chosen. M. Poincaré is quite safe, however. Few of his readers will have acquainted themselves with the voluminous material already available. But it should be remembered that M. Poincaré owes the world at least an explanation of what took place during his visit to St. Petersburg and an account of the French attitude toward the Russian mobilization. He gives neither, in anything like satisfactory fashion. What we do get is an extended narrative of his voyage and a wearisome, detailed account of all the ceremonies. Of course, no one in St. Petersburg thought of war. The French president's remarks to the Austrian ambassador were devoid of all menace, and the ecstatic effusions of the two Montenegrin Grand Duchesses were not nearly as bad as the French ambassador, Poincaré's friend, would have us believe. Poincaré admits, however, that he rejected Buchanan's suggestions in regard to direct conversations between St. Petersburg and Vienna, and that he preferred pressure on Vienna alone by England and France. What he cannot understand is how anyone can read significance into Buchanan's report of the *entente* established between the French and Russian governments as a result of the visit. And yet Sir Eyre Crowe, one of the keenest men in the British Foreign Office, could note on the report: "The moment has passed when it might have been possible to enlist French support in an effort to hold back Russia. It is clear that France and Russia are decided to accept the challenge thrown out to them."

As for the Russian mobilization, M. Poincaré must be commended for having at last given a faithful account of what took place and for recognizing that the Russian mobilization was the first general mobilization decreed by one of the Great Powers. Unable to deny it, he confines his efforts to an attempt to disprove the complicity of France, and winds up by expressing his disapproval and by combating the idea that mobilization meant war. The assurances given to Sazonov by Paléologue are explained away and the encouragement given the Russian military attaché in Paris by Messimy, the French war minister, is attributed to misunderstanding or mendacity on the part of Izvolski. According to Poincaré, the telegram from St. Petersburg announcing the Russian mobilization was omitted from the French Yellow Book, presumably at the request of the Russian government. No attempt is made to explain why, in the French Yellow Book, the telegram announcing the actual mobilization on July 31 was enlarged from eight words to eighty-eight and the sequence of telegrams changed, or why the French statesmen for years denied the priority of the Russian mobilization, or why Viviani, at 7 P. M. on July 31, told the German ambassador that he had no information in regard to the Russian mobilization, although he had Paléologue's earlier telegram and two further reports from Berlin. One could continue to enumerate special technical points which M. Poincaré has left obscure, but suffice it to say that no adequate proofs have been adduced to show that the French government in any way attempted to deter its ally, that it did not actually encourage secret mobilization on the part of Russia, or that it disapproved the Russian mobilization at the time. M. Poincaré says by way of extenuation that the Russian government had received numerous reports of German military measures. In reply, it may be said that the German government had at least as many reports of Russian mobilization. The fact that Austria mobilized before the Russian decision was known in Vienna has little significance when one considers that the Austrians knew of the partial mobilization decided upon at St. Petersburg, and that this partial mobilization involved more troops than there were in the whole Austrian army. As for the principle that mobilization means war, it seems downright incredible that even a Frenchman could think that Germany would allow the concentration of the enormous Russian army on her frontiers, with every chance that the French army also would be put on a war footing, and then throw away the only chance of German success, which depended upon speedier mobilization of an inferior number of troops. A German statesman who neglected to answer a Russian mobilization in 1914 by the opening of hostilities would have been guilty of criminal neglect.

WILLIAM L. LANGER.

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Josephine Baker

Mémoires de Joséphine Baker, recueillis et adaptés par Marcel Sauvage. Paris. Kra, Editeur. 185 pages.

MUCH seems to have happened to Miss Josephine Baker since first she came into the limelight with "Shuffle Along" four years ago. If there could be still some doubts about her merits as an artist, or even as a serious thinker, certainly there could be none about her popularity abroad. With Mistinguette growing a trifle too elderly to hold the affections of the public, and with the Dolly Sisters becoming so very *chic,* there is perhaps no entertainer so much esteemed in Paris as Miss Baker. She has become a *grande vedette.* Cocktails have been named for her, also a hair oil called Bakerfix. Masses for the souls of her audiences are sung in cathedrals while she is doing the Charleston in the theaters, and now she has written, or rather dictated to an interpreter, her memoirs and ideas on life.

It seems improbable that Miss Baker's memories and impressions will be translated into English: they are more frivolous than profound, more decent than important. Nevertheless it is a pity: they are stimulating in a certain freshness and absurdity which is not often to be found, and they make you feel that, waiving prejudice, you would like Miss Baker. There is a refreshing candor about her, a naïveté and unpretentiousness and a complete absence of sentimentalism. She is still a pickaninny, a pickanniny transplanted to alien soil. She started dancing, she says, because it was cold in St. Louis and she needed to dance to keep warm. She attributes her success entirely to the rabbit's foot which she carries on her person night and day. She says she was born to dance: she would be happy to die dancing—though not in a music hall. "I'll get married some day—I want lots of babies and animals around. I love them. I want to live a peaceful life, with babies and animals all around. But if a child of mine ever wants to go on the stage, I swear I'll strangle him with my two hands."

Aside from the rabbit's foot and a few other natural superstitions, Miss Baker is a complete realist. She likes cornbeef hash and hot-cakes, animals of all kinds, loud colors, dolls "without bones in them." She detests all ballet dancing. She distrusts the use of cosmetics as aids to beauty. She owns a seven-volume dictionary which she has never read: she finds it fun to lift one volume at a time and see how heavy such a lot of words are. She has as little use for celebrities as for literature. "I've met a lot of people with reputations. They don't intimidate me. I most admire those who work hardest. Everybody is made with two arms and two legs and a stomach and a head. That gives you enough to think about."

She gives, obviously, a great deal of thought to her arms and legs and head and stomach. Every day she scrubs herself with a bristly brush and rubs her face with squashed strawberries, or sometimes raisins. She swims daily because "land animals are never as elegant as fish." It is perhaps pardonable that she thinks much more of the care of her body than she does of the future of her sex. In response to one of those interminable "inquiries" conducted by the French press on a theory similar to that which produces the inquiring reporter in this country, Miss Baker promptly confesses that she has no ideas either about the future of women, or even about their present. She considers it unimportant anyway. "I hate lace," she adds, somewhat obscurely, "and I love my freedom. Besides, business men don't ever forget we are women—all men are business men—and women don't ever forget they are women. As for myself, I don't like *poules*—especially the ones who want to seem honest. I love, or I don't. As for the future, there's plenty of time to think about that, but I hope that later on we'll all live nude. There are few women and fewer men who could live nude. That's all."

A book with more sense in it than most, perhaps.

HOWARD COXE.

A Lost Lady

Thérèse, by François Mauriac. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THERESE" is the first novel of François Mauriac to be translated for the American public. For more than a decade, however, M. Mauriac has been a much discussed literary figure in France, where he has produced two volumes of verse and about a dozen novels. "Thérèse" is one of his later books, and it proves to be the product of a matured art. The author's assurance is superb. He has done a skillful technical job in carrying on the Flaubertian realistic tradition in a modern stream-of-consciousness manner which suggests the blending of the style of Virginia Woolf with that of James Joyce. The story opens at a climactic moment—when the woman is released from court on the charge of poisoning her husband. Then with involutions much like Conrad's unfolding of the tale of "Lord Jim," it proceeds backward and forward up to her return to face the husband who has not died. The last third of the book is presented chronologically, and ends with Thérèse standing uncertain and alone on a Paris street.

Done with a subtle economy, the novel is remarkably compact. The psychology is penetrating, clairvoyant; and the sense of reality that is established is as actual as breathing. But "Thérèse" is not an inspiring nor ennobling work. It lacks any quality of exaltation. The cruel and bitter story is rendered with the passionate coldness of the ascetic. The heroine is stripped and unmasked before us by a zealot of the inquisition taking his frozen sadistic pleasure. She herself is one of those wretched souls for whom Charles Baudelaire in his own agony cried to God to have pity—"because the Creator alone knows why they have made themselves what they are and how they could have made themselves otherwise." It is only of such ill-starred creatures that M. Mauriac chooses to write, for to him the only persons who have stories are those with tainted secrets in their hearts. The author's narrowed interests seem to be the result of an obsessing fear of sex, which tinctures his outlook and restricts his themes. Yet withal, the charm of M. Mauriac's art is irresistible—like the conscious charm of those always on the watch to conceal a secret torment.

Thérèse Desqueyroux has the same sort of fascination. "Never mind whether she's pretty or plain, you can't resist her charm," people are always saying of her. She belongs to that general group of fictional women which includes the Hedda Gablers and the Emma Bovarys—restless, tortured women imprisoned behind the living bars of the family, or society, or any chafing environment. In the cage with her, Thérèse discovers, when she emerges from a vague feeling of panic of the kind which makes women of her type flee to matrimony for safety, a stupid, bigoted husband, who is one of that "blind and ruthless race of men who know their own minds"—a precise man who could not possibly follow her into the shadowy places where she has lived and suffered. The honeymoon she endures, because she plays a secret game of "bending her body to the impersonation of

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love" and because she can imagine that she, too, could have found a possible happiness.

> When we stand before a landscape enshrouded in rain and try to picture what it would be like in sunshine, so Thérèse became acquainted with desire.

But the dreary succession of days and the awful silence of the nights at Argelouse, Thérèse cannot long endure—the suffocating monotony of her native Landes to the south of Bordeaux, a prison cell of miles of salt marshes and pines and sandy heaths. Before the second year of the marriage is completed, before her baby has had a birthday, she stumbles upon a way out—not the swift oblivion of death for herself, but the slow and methodical poisoning of her husband. Thérèse is cowardly, weak, and contemptible; and her creator, M. Mauriac, has no real pity for her. The reader, however, may well pity her. But even if he loathes her, it will not be easy to blot from his mind the image of this *macabre* portrait done so uncompromisingly in tones of serpent green and black. HUDSON STRODE.

American Economic History

The Economic History of the United States, by Harold Underwood Faulkner. New York: The Workers Education Bureau Press. 301 pages. $1.

IT would be difficult to conceive of a subject more intimately related to the program of adult education today than the economic development of the United States. As the writer understands it, two basic tests of the relevance of material to adult education are: that it shall be something concerning which the aspirant for instruction was not adequately informed earlier in life, and that it shall be something highly cogent to our contemporary problems. American economic history meets both of these requirements almost perfectly. Even the college graduate of the last generation heard little about our economic growth, though he had majored in American history and was an adept in such matters as the royal province, the great compromises of the constitutional convention, the tie-election of 1800, the Missouri Compromise, the "Kitchen Cabinet," the beating up of Sumner by Preston Brooks, the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment, the merits of the contested election of 1876, and the ill-fated Burchard episode. Surely, nothing could well be more pertinent to our needs in understanding the world in which we live than reliable information as to how we have reached our present state of material culture and have secured those economic and social institutions which are the pride of many and the despair of others. The Workers Education Bureau is to be congratulated for having recognized such facts and for having rendered accessible this type of historical information in accurate, attractive and economical form.

The author has been as well chosen as the subject-matter which he presents. Professor Faulkner is already well known to all up-to-date students of history, economics and sociology by his monograph on the religious aspects of British radicalism in the middle of the last century, by his authorship of the best general college textbook on American economic history, and by his participation as one of the collaborators in the great Schlesinger-Fox series on the history of American civilization.

This brief and concise sketch of our industrial growth is not merely an epitome or collection of extracts from the author's larger manual in this field. The author has drawn upon his earlier researches, selected the essentials, reorganized his materials and constructed a new book designed to meet the needs of the reading public for which it was intended. He has succeeded admirably in executing the objective which he had in mind. It is an excellent work for the general reader, set forth in clear language and flowing style, rather than in the didactic method of textbooks. It informs, without producing weariness or boredom. The author is straightforward in his procedure, neither a propagandist nor a pussy-footer, and tells what he believes should be told, without fear or favor.

Among the special points which might be selected for commendation are the adequate portrayal of the European background of the expansion movement, the survey of the economic aspects of the American Revolution, the ample account of the westward movement and the influence of the frontier, the fact that slightly more than half the book is devoted to the period since 1860, and the thoughtful selection of references at the close of each chapter. If "workers" (and the term may be flexibly interpreted) really desire to learn something about our economic evolution, they can no longer complain about the absence of a textual guide to this enterprise.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

"Distrust the Exquisite"

Trivial Breath, by Elinor Wylie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 80 pages. $2.50.

WHETHER Elinor Wylie elects to carve a cameo in pink and cream, or, as more rarely, is ambitious to cast a savage head in bronze, she has the tools, the materials, the skill requisite to her purpose. A lyric of hers contrasting English and Latin that appeared in an earlier volume shows her peculiarly sensitive to the qualities of language. The Dedication to the book under review is written in praise of the tongue which is this poet's milk and meat and also, to change the metaphor, the urn for whatever immortal residue she may leave. Words, their color and texture, their shape and weight, the careful balance of vocables, the nice consideration of consonants, these are manifestly her particular concern. She cherishes them as she cherishes other man-made things: rich stuffs, fine china, gardens, jewels; and she seems to love her nouns and adjectives for the same reason that centers her attention upon those ornaments and amenities—for the decorative element in them and for whatever reminders they can offer of a sumptuous and gracious life.

Her delight in the medium with which she works is perhaps responsible for another characteristic of her more recent verse: its frequent reference to what one might call the literary emotion. The poem celebrating her introduction to English literature has already been mentioned. There is, in much the same vein, a lyric on the relation of the poet to his book, a series of sonnets bearing upon the author's novel about Shelley, and several other pieces that are brushed, however lightly, by that eagle feather.

Mrs. Wylie's work suffers from her very devotion to her medium. She is so deeply absorbed in the chiseling of a phrase, the manipulation of a rhyme, the poising of light and heavy syllables, that she is apt to neglect a more important concern: the subject upon which all these labors are expended. She is willing to permit herself an obscurity for the sake of preserving mere verbal elegance, and, what is less pardonable, to sacrifice sense to the exigencies of rhyme, or, as in the "Malediction Upon Myself," to erect a structure elaborate as the Taj Mahal for the sake

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of housing a theme no nobler than a mouse. The subject of this consummately contrived piece is the poet's horror at the sin of having dared to impugn the city in its summer desolation. The longest poem in the book, as it is also one of the most enchanting, is the account of a Southern lady's recovery, following upon the Civil War, of her buried *lares* and *penates:* Chinese Bristol cups, silver spoons, Meissin plates, and crystal goblets. The effect of these exquisite trifles would not be so disconcerting did one not seem to detect the potentialities of a Donatello wasted upon objects that might rather engage a Cellini. It is all very well to savor the aroma of words, to arrange them in fair patterns, to steep one's fingertips in the colors that they shed; but a poem is something more than a child's toy or a king's snuff-box: design and melody are not enough.

It is in her frank recognition of her fault that the poet must disarm her severest critic. "Minotaur" might readily be taken for an indictment of the dangerous refinement of her own style. These four stanzas alone are a complete admonition:

Go study to disdain
The frail, the overfine
That tapers to a line
Knotted about the brain.

Distrust the exquisite,
The sharpened silver nerve,
The lacquered, nacred curve
Wherein a moon is lit.

From flesh refined to glass
A god goes desert-ward,
Astride a spotted pard,
Between an ox and ass.

Let innocence enchant
The flesh to fiercer grain
More fitted to retain
The burning visitant.

It is in such a piece as this that she reveals her excellence. "True Vine" is also a superb instance of her ability to match lyricism with wisdom. These poems, and a few others, bestow upon Mrs. Wylie's latest volume a radiance both delicate and durable.

The make-up of the book in all respects, but especially in point of typography, beautifully harmonizes with the smooth immaculateness, the high polish, the orbed and pointed character of her verse. BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, English publicist, is the author of "Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle," "Olives of Endless Age," and many other books.

CONRAD AIKEN, poet, novelist and critic, is the author of "Bring! Bring!" "Blue Voyage," and other books.

WILLIAM L. LANGER is associate professor of History at Clark University, Bibliographical Editor of Foreign Affairs, and author of numerous articles on the history of pre-war diplomacy.

HOWARD COXE was formerly Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune and a member of the staff of the New York Evening Post.

HUDSON STRODE is professor of Dramatic Literature in the University of Alabama, and is the author of many short stories.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, professor of Historical Sociology at Smith College, is the author of "The Social History of the Western World," "The New History," and several other books.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet, novelist and critic, is the author of "In Such a Night," and other books.

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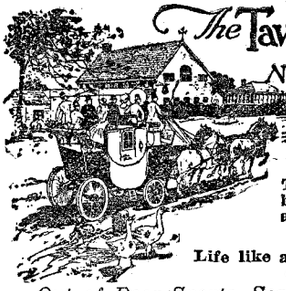
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